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FEBRUARY 1972

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Lay Witness Missions
Refugees: 'A Tragedy too Vast to Grasp'
When Christians Fight Alcoholism

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A Caribbean Marketplace (see *Islands of Beauty—and Despair*, page 30)

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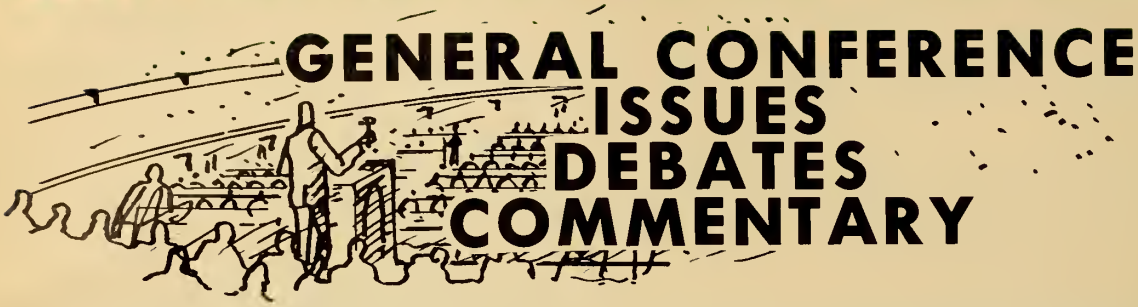

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It is said that no one need starve in the Caribbean, particularly on the more lush tropical islands where fruit and vegetables grow in the abundance shown in this picture of a marketplace in St. George's on the beautiful island of Grenada. Even on those islands with little rainfall, the surrounding ocean is teeming with fish. But, as George Daniels points out in this month's color section, ***Islands of Beauty—And Despair***, problems almost as acute as starvation face the Caribbean people. Our cover picture is by Toge Fujihira, United Methodist Board of Missions photographer, who accompanied Mr. Daniels on the trip.

TOGETHER **FEBRUARY, 1972**
Vol. XVI. No. 2 Copyright © 1972
by The Methodist Publishing House
Editorial Office: 1661 N. Northwest Hwy., Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Phone (Area 312) 299-4411.
Business, Subscription, and Advertising Offices: 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37202. Phone (Area 615) 242-1621.
TOGETHER is published monthly except combined issue of August and September by The Methodist Publishing House at 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37202, where second-class postage has been paid. **Subscription:** $5 a year in advance, single copy 50¢.
TOGETHER CHURCH PLAN subscriptions through United Methodist churches are $3 per year, cash in advance, or 75¢ per quarter, billed quarterly.
Change of Address: Five weeks advance notice is required. Send old and new addresses and label from current issue to Subscription Office. **Advertising:** Write Advertising Office for rates.
Editorial Submissions: Address all correspondence to Editorial Office, 1661 N. Northwest Hwy., Park Ridge, Ill. 60068, and enclose postage for return of materials.
TOGETHER assumes no responsibility for damage to or loss of unsolicited manuscripts, art, photographs.
TOGETHER is an official general periodical of The United Methodist Church and continues CHURCH AND HOME, the family periodical of the former Evangelical United Brethren Church. Because of freedom given authors, opinions may not reflect official concurrence. The contents of each issue are indexed in the UNITED METHODIST PERIODICAL INDEX.
Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to TOGETHER, 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

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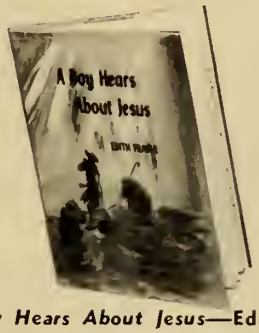

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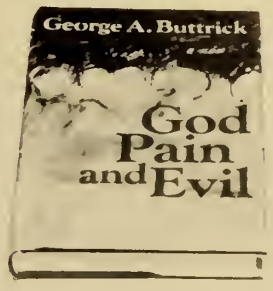

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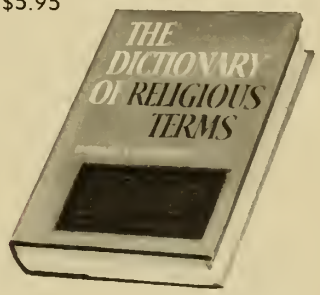

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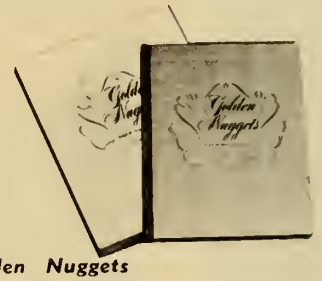

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The Lay Witness Mission held at Grace Church (background) in Pekin, Ill., last November was guided by these 17. They came from six states and four denominations. The weekend's coordinator was Douglas Strickland (front and center), a real-estate agent from Louisville, Ky.

Lay Witnesses Come to Pekin

Text by **Martha A. Lane**
Pictures by **George P. Miller**

THERE WAS obvious tension around Grace United Methodist Church in Pekin, Ill., that early November Friday. James McClarey, one of the pastors, a usually easy-going person, was pacing the sidewalk. In the basement, preparations for the potluck supper had begun.

Leaders of the 1,600-member congregation had planned this weekend's Lay Witness Mission for months. Now that the time had come, things were running behind schedule. By the appointed 5:30 p.m. starting time, several of the 17 lay people who would lead the weekend—including the man who would coordinate the mission—still had not arrived.

Two churchwomen, carrying a basket of food between them, heartily greeted the pastor outside. He grunted an acknowledgment. "I guess you aren't glad to see us?" one of them jokingly commented.

"I'd be a lot happier to see the coordinator right now," Pastor McClarey bantered. He was referring to Doug Strickland, a veteran of dozens of Lay Witness Missions, who was driving up from Louisville, Ky., with several others. No one had seen him or even heard from him.

The other out-of-town laymen already had started their scheduled team meeting when a handful of people scurried in. Those who recognized him heartily welcomed the coordinator. Now everyone began to relax. Pastor Mc-

On Friday the congregation shared a potluck supper, then a general meeting and small-group discussions. Saturday morning's small-group sessions were followed by separate luncheon meetings for men (above), women, and young people. Each group heard several witnesses.

Clarey's familiar warm smile returned to his face.

Pekin's mission followed the usual pattern for United Methodist Lay Witness Missions. The coordinator had been assigned by the General Board of Evangelism, and he had prayerfully picked the team that he felt would be good for Pekin. The congregation, meanwhile, had been involved in planning for almost a year. Committees had met regularly since May, and Doug Strickland visited Pekin to discuss details and to learn what he could about the congregation and its probable needs. Materials and guidelines were provided by the Board of Evangelism.

Each team is a group of ordinary men, women, and youth whose only claim is that they have encountered the living Christ. Often they have never met before the mission, nor will the same team ever be reassembled.

The typical mission begins with a Friday-evening potluck dinner followed by a general meeting and then small-group discussions. Saturday features morning "coffees," a noon luncheon, and another general meeting and small-group discussions in the evening. Sunday church-school classes are led by witnesses, while the coordinator speaks at the worship service. Witnesses leave for their homes after lunch on Sunday and that evening church people meet for an evaluation and what-next session.

Doug (first names only for the entire weekend) gave exacting instructions to his team as he would each of the several times they met together throughout the weekend:

"I want you to be as honest as you can—an honest, open witness of what God has done in your life. Keep it short or you'll start repeating yourself and you'll take the time from somebody else. Your witness should contain these basic points: What your life was like previous to your confrontation by Christ; what happened at the confrontation; and—most important—what change did God's really being a part of your life make?

"The first question to discuss in your small group is, What would you like to see happen at this church as a result of this weekend? They'll gladly tell you. Let everyone know you expect 100 percent participation. Expect things to happen and they will. The second question is, What would you like to have happen to you personally? Close with conversational prayer, giving everybody an opportunity to participate, and the Lord's Prayer."

Then the team joined hands. "May we be aware of the directions you will lead us," Doug prayed. "Lead us to hear their desires and needs as they share with us. And let us truly glorify thy name."

Some 225 were served dinner in the basement. Over ham, homemade bread, salads, and hot vegetables, families chatted quietly and curiously eyed the visitors' name

tags. Here and there a witness glanced at some notes while finishing dessert.

By 7:42 (just 12 minutes late now) everyone was settled in the sanctuary—in the back pews. "You're not in church tonight so everyone get up and come up front." They did, some rather reluctantly, still not knowing what to expect. After a number of familiar hymns sung with no particular enthusiasm the team members stood where they were and introduced themselves—bank employee, storekeeper, insurance man, "professional grandmother," secretary, schoolteacher, school-bus driver, farm homemaker, farmer, college student, telephone operator, real-estate agent, layout man for a conveyor firm. They were United Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Episcopalians from Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, and Pennsylvania.

"The team members are here to share with you the new life they have in Christ," Doug told the congregation. "They come with a wide variety of Christian experiences. What each of them has to say may not appeal to you personally. What *one* of them has to say might speak directly to you. Before this weekend is over you will hear something that speaks directly to you."

Briefly Doug described Lay Witness Missions. The movement was born ten years ago in a Methodist church in Phenix City, Ala., where Pastor Ben Johnson was seeking someone to lead a revival. He could not think of anyone who would meet his congregation's needs, but he knew some laymen whose lives had been completely changed by Christ. What would it be like if he brought them to share their experiences with his people? It meant much more than preaching, he found. That first group of witnesses was invited to another church, and another. Soon others wanted to share what Christ means to them. Today an estimated 25,000 witnesses are available to go out on a given weekend.

The first witness at Pekin, a Lutheran, told of being church-school superintendent for several years before meeting Christ personally:

"We happened to have a series of meetings for Sunday-school teachers, all about becoming a Christian. Somewhere in there I realized I wasn't so self-sufficient after all. I was a sinner. Christ became my Savior. God became my father. And I began to change. I'm not so hot now, but I'm still changing. I was president of an air-conditioning firm, decided to retire early to make up for some of the time I'd squandered. That's where I am now."

The "professional grandmother," a widow, testified: "I have found that as soon as you begin to love God, you want to tell everyone about it." Then a young person talked about how different college is from high school, how she had done things she knew were wrong so she could be "accepted," how both her mother and God had forgiven her.

Ray Miller's small group was one of five meeting in various corners of the basement after the general session. He followed Doug's outline strictly. There was a 15-second silence when he asked what they'd like to have happen to their church this weekend. Then:

"I don't think any of us knew what was going to happen. We're waiting for something to happen. Tonight I came to eat . . ."

"If you don't know what to expect this weekend, why are you having it . . . ?"

"Well, I'd like to see us get closer to God . . ."

"We heard about it at a retreat, heard it was a good thing. I'd like to see this church get a real fire going in it. For the church and for myself I'd like to get a fire going. That's all . . ."

"That's all? That's a lot . . . !"

"O.K., the next question is, What do you want to receive from this weekend for yourself?"

"I'd like to have some courage! I think I've got some good ideas, but I need some courage—to try to carry some of them out . . ."

"It's hard for me to witness . . ."

"It's hard for us to talk here in this little circle, and we all know each other. Maybe it would be easier to talk to people we didn't know . . ."

"I hope that people will be moved to participate in the Sunday-school program . . ."

"We get so tied up with problems and things that we don't share our concerns. We need to help each other . . ."

In the allotted 20 minutes most if not all of the three men and eight women in Ray's group had said something. Uptight at first about what they might be expected to say, the group now seemed to be enjoying—and caring for—one another. When Ray invited them to pray out loud, they responded, some perhaps for the first time: "For whatever needs are upon each of our minds and hearts . . . Guide us, and may we be closer to each other . . . Lord, be merciful. . . . Help me to be strong, help me to follow as you would have me follow. . . . Thank you for bringing these people from so far away to help us."

The pattern for the weekend had been set—listen to how others have experienced Christianity, then talk about how Christ speaks to your life, about your similar problems, what you are learning. Then pray, and go in love.

At the Saturday-morning team meeting Doug asked each witness how his small group had gone. They described finding a great concern for youth and for the shortage of church-school teachers; a desire to learn to care for each other; a hunger, a searching openness.

At 10 a.m., about 20 coffee groups met throughout Pekin. Now it was the church members' time to share. Often they were surprised by each other's honesty.

The noon luncheons drew 35 or so men and about 65 women. They met at a neighboring Christian church (so the Grace women could enjoy the lunch without worrying about kitchen duties), while the youth met at Grace as they had in the morning. Each group heard several more of the visiting witnesses.

"My daughter was pregnant when she got married," one told the women. "That hurt—especially since she was the preacher's daughter. . . . I see her growing in Christ and she'll make it! I'm saying all this because this might have happened to you, or it might happen to you tomorrow. If it does, love them, accept them as they are."

The evening's general meeting and small-group sessions were like Friday's, though more intense, with more eager participation. Even the singing was better.

Sunday morning Doug gave his testimony. He had been successful in business, but life was not satisfying. Then he visited old neighbors who had experienced a Lay Witness Mission. They were so changed he could not believe it. One was a surgeon who went to Africa one summer to share his skills, then worked a summer aboard the medi-

he photos of Ruth and Ray Miller, who drove from er sylvania for the weekend, illustrate the various tasks itesses perform. From above, clockwise: personal testi- oy before the congregation; team meetings in which ecoordinator (center) evaluates progress and gives s uctions for the next event; sharing the joy of local eole (in this case, Pekin's general chairman of the mis- o Ken Crawford); and leading small-group discussions.

On several occasions people knelt to rededicate their lives to Christ. "The mission has awakened real hunger for koinonia fellowship and created a lot of new bonds of relationships—healed some, too," Pastor McClarey said.

cal ship *Hope*, all at his own expense. At a Lay Witness Mission in his own church Doug, too, had been changed.

Then he asked the people to consider how to respond:

"God doesn't want you to decide to sing in the choir, to promise to give so much money, to sign that kind of a pledge. He wants you to be willing to sign your name to a blank sheet of paper, to let him fill it in for that day—new every day. If you're willing to commit your life to God just for today, I want you to come forward."

Slowly they began to come. Several team members and the two pastors were there to pray with them.

"Accept each life offered at this Communion rail," Doug prayed, "and each life offered in the pews. Now let us go forward truly believing that you are the power and the strength we need to be your witnesses."

At the close of the second service, Doug spontaneously asked the two pastors and their wives to come forward. Then he invited the congregation to come speak their love and appreciation to their pastors. It was a heart-warming experience for both clergy and laity.

At the evening's evaluation session people expressed their gratitude for the weekend. In a written poll taken the next Sunday, they expressed a strong interest in both witnessing and social action, with requests for Bible study running a strong third. Newly formed *koinonia* groups are meeting accordingly.

The witnesses had a long drive home on Sunday. It was after 1 a.m. when Ruth and Ray Miller reached their Pennsylvania home, but both got to work on time the next day. Even yet the Pekin experience is not over for the witnesses. They have received numerous letters from members of the congregation, and they will take time to answer each one because "it's part of the mission, too."

For some people, Lay Witness Missions are days of decision remembered for years. For others, it seems an unnecessary or inauthentic experience. One Pekin person called it "a combination of Jehovah's Witnesses, a three-ring circus, and the Holy Rollers." Some were bothered by the word "witness" itself.

Another member who had expected the whole thing to be "terribly dull" decided "the radiance of the visiting witnesses was a living manifestation of the tremendous spiritual values to be found only in the church."

Dr. Joseph Mason, senior pastor, feels the mission was a demonstration of a great religious force—the power of the Holy Spirit. "We sometimes lose it in the mechanics of administration, but we find it in witnessing," he said.

Pastor James McClarey saw genuine warmth replace "politeness." He also observed, "It can definitely be said that many persons having difficulty in their relationships with one another began to communicate again."

"It was all I expected and much, much more," Kenneth Crawford, hardworking local chairman, summarized.

In hundreds of churches across the U.S., Lay Witness Missions have cut through barriers of age, culture, race, economics, apathy, and social and political viewpoints in an amazing way. They do not solve everything, and they do not meet the needs of every person or every congregation, of course. Nor do they claim to.

They are a sort of "Gospel according to Andrew." Like Simon Peter's brother, the witnesses are ordinary people who have met the Master and then do their best to introduce him to others. □

Because her story is typical of needy children around the world, we invite you to read our overseas caseworker's report on little Elizabeth (her name is changed to protect her future) . . .

Name: Elizabeth Dass **Date of birth:** April 12, 1964 **Native place:** Calcutta **Health:** Frail, thin, walks with difficulty, protein deprived.
Characteristics: Gentle, quiet, cooperative, speaks clearly and is of good mind. Will be able to learn once health and strength are restored.
Investigation report: Elizabeth's father used to be street cleaner, died from typhus. Her mother is very weak from recent illness (smallpox). Only work available to this woman is in a match factory where she earns two rupees a day (26¢) when she is strong enough to get there and work.
Home conditions: One room bustee (hovel) occupied by several other persons besides Elizabeth and her mother. House is so small cooking is done on the footpath. Bathing is done at a public tap down the road. Persons living with them in this house are not of good repute, and the mother fears for Elizabeth.
Remarks: Elizabeth will certainly become ill, perhaps will take up thieving, maybe even more terrible ways of living if she is not removed from present home conditions. Her mother is willing for her to go to CCF Nazareth Home and weeps with joy at the hope of her little daughter becoming safe from the wretched life they now have.
Strongest recommendation that Elizabeth be admitted at once.

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New Life Together

Second in a Series of Bible Studies on the Book of Acts

The Life-Sharing Community

By EDWARD W. BAUMAN

"MY CHURCH is nothing but a hymn-singing Rotary Club." There was no humor in the voice of the man who made this comment to me after a special lecture I had given in a city where our weekly series on Acts was appearing on television.

I do not know whether the phrase was original with him or not, but it expressed perfectly his argument with the church. Somehow he felt cheated because he knew the church is supposed to provide something more than a superficial, backslapping kind of association with others. All too often, however, that's all there is!

I ran into the problem on another level during the early days of my ministry in my present parish. A couple came to me burdened with anxiety about the teen-age son who was in serious trouble. After listenir to their story, I told them quite frankly that I was so ne in the parish and in the community that I simply did n know what resources might be available in this situatio I suggested we call together two or three trusted frienc in the church and share the facts with them, confider that if we prayed and worked on the problem togethe we would be given the guidance we needed.

"Oh, no!" they said. "The people in the church ar the last people in the world we want to know abou this!" They went on to explain that the kind of gossi and lack of understanding which they could expect fron fellow church members would only add to their burden

Somehow I also felt very cheated at that moment. A powerful healing and life-giving force which should have been available in a situation like that was missing. It was very much on my mind because I had just read a second time Dietrich Bonhoeffer's little book *Life Together*. When Bonhoeffer returned to Hitler's Germany after a visit to the United States, he established an "underground" theological seminary. He and his students lived and studied together, knowing that they might be discovered and arrested by the Gestapo at any moment. Under such circumstances they experienced a quality of life-sharing with one another and a depth of mutual love and concern they had never known before.

Koinonia: Christian Fellowship

The thing that is so striking about this is that, according to the New Testament, every local church should provide this experience for its members. There is even a special word for this experience, used many times in the Acts of the Apostles and the letters of Paul. The word is *koinonia*, translated "fellowship" or "communion" in our New Testament. But when the word is used in such a passage as Acts 2:42, it does not mean superficial, backslapping geniality. It refers instead to life-sharing of the very deepest kind, life-sharing in which there is a maximum of trust and supportive love. It is the kind of relationship which Paul describes when he says that the members of the church are like members of one body, so closely joined together that when one member feels pain or joy, the others feel it with him (1 Corinthians 12:26). It is the kind of love indicated by the New Testament word *agape*, a love relationship in which we ask, "How can I give of myself in order that another person might be fulfilled?" Many kinds of love take more than they give, but *koinonia* is primarily based upon *agape*, the love which is *for* the other.

United Methodists should be keenly aware of the supreme importance of *koinonia* in the life of the church because it is built so deeply into our heritage. John Wesley states explicitly in his *Journal* that the genius of early Methodism rested in the small groups (classes and bands) into which the societies were divided. Every member of a Methodist society found himself in a close life-sharing relationship with several other members, meeting regularly for prayer, Bible-study, and mission. Evangelicals and United Brethren in their beginnings also found this intimate kind of association with one another. The similarity between these periods of our United Methodist history and the history of the early church (chapters 1 through 12 of the Acts) is especially striking.

In view of such biblical and historical precedents, it is not difficult to understand the great excitement generated by the growth of the so-called "small group movement" in the contemporary church. We have always had a superabundance of committees, but this is something different. Small sharing groups are now proliferating everywhere. Prayer groups, therapy groups, Bible-study groups, mission groups, and encounter groups have become very common in the local parish structure of every denomination. This is all very promising because it means that an increasing number of individuals will be positioning themselves to receive new life from God in this unusually effective way. In addition, many local congregations are being revitalized through the discovery of this New Testament experience.

Two Important Guidelines

A study of the New Testament experience, however, reveals two important guidelines in this area which have been overlooked in too many local churches. The first might be called the principle of generation: the life-giving forces which are present in our experience of *koinonia* are all generated by the presence of God. The last verse of Second Corinthians is especially revealing at this point. Paul closes this letter with the familiar benediction in which he speaks of the "*koinonia* of the Holy Spirit." This fellowship, communion, or life-sharing of the Holy Spirit is the source of all goodness, truth, and beauty in life.

The basic good news of the gospel is about God's giving of himself at the deepest levels of our existence so that we might have all these. But we need to understand also that every healing and redeeming experience of life-sharing on the human level depends upon God's sharing of himself in this same way. When we gather together in our small groups in the local church, we must be constantly open to the presence of God as he imparts his power and love to us. He uses the occasion of our coming together "in his name" to give us wholeness of life in very special ways. Without this *koinonia* of the Holy Spirit, however, our *koinonia* is in vain.

A second guideline for our experience of life-sharing in the local churches also emerges from our study of the early chapters of Acts. It might be called the principle of indirection: the deepest and most vital experiences of *koinonia* are given to us indirectly. The early Christians, for example, did not get together in order to have fellowship. They came together to share what Jesus Christ had done for them. They gathered for worship, for instruction, for mutual encouragement in their mission, and for such practical activities as eating and providing the necessities of life. In the process of doing so, they found they were given a deeper quality of life-sharing than they had known before. There was a difference in their life together because of their experience of Christ, but the difference did not result from their direct efforts to create it.

Unfortunately, there is a serious weakness in the contemporary small-group movement at this very point. How often I have heard persons say, "We are going to organize *koinonia* groups in our church." But when we organize a group and gather together for the express purpose of creating a life-sharing situation, it does not come off well at all. The most creative life-sharing ordinarily occurs as a side effect of gathering for other specific purposes such as Bible-study, prayer, or preparation for mission.

It can also happen as a result of our gathering to conduct the ordinary practical affairs of church organization. One of the most valuable lessons of my ministry occurred at this point of institutional housekeeping. I was regularly visiting the psychiatric ward of a large hospital to observe the group therapy conducted by members of the medical staff. One of the doctors said to me, "You ministers are very fortunate because you already have so many groups organized which can be used in a therapeutic way." When I asked him to explain, he pointed out how patients in the hospital were organized into groups *in order to begin* relating to one another. Because of this, the atmosphere of the meeting is forced and unnatural from the beginning. The minister, on the other hand, already has many committees, classes, and groups in order to use them in therapeutic ways. This does not mean we try to turn every church meeting into a therapy session, but it does mean that every church meeting has a creative potential which many of us have overlooked.

This principle also prevents the debasement of this valid New Testament experience into an ecclesiastical fad. It is now possible to buy flip-charts, training packets, and elaborate instruction manuals for *koinoina* groups. These may be very useful because few of us have had any experience with genuine life-sharing of the New Testament type. But there is a strong temptation in all this to use *koinonia* groups as a gimmick to boost attendance, raise money, and generally revitalize a sagging congregation. I felt very sad when one prominent minister told me how he planned to use *koinonia* groups to raise his budget. Such an approach always backfires because it then becomes more difficult, if not impossible, to understand and appropriate genuine *koinonia* when it is given.

Life-Sharing Fellowship

One of my students failed to pass his courses in theology and dropped out of seminary. He told me later that this failure, added to many others, plunged him to the depths of despair. He seriously contemplated suicide. Shortly before this I had learned of a men's Bible-study group which had expressed an interest in seminary students, and so I mentioned the student's situation to one of them. He immediately called and arranged for several of the men to meet with him. The young man later told me how they prayed and talked and sat in silence.

"About three o'clock in the morning," he said, "I literally felt the strength of those men filling my own emptiness." As it turned out, the experience was one of the major turning points in his life. I am convinced that God was able to use their coming together to impart healing to a young man who desperately needed it.

The examples could be multiplied beyond measure, some less dramatic and some more so. Over the years thousands of letters from television viewers have told us about the new life that has been given to them in this way. It is clear that *koinonia* fellowship is one of the most effective means God uses to impart his life to us. We will discuss the matter in detail in our continuing study, but we can rejoice now because of what is happening.

As a sign of his great love for us, God has chosen to give new life to individuals and to the world through the life-sharing *koinonia* which is present in the community of Christ. □

'A Tragedy Too Vast to Grasp'

By EDWIN H. MAYNARD

IN 1947, two new nations emerged in Asia. One was predominantly Hindu India. The other was Pakistan, officially Muslim and geographically anomalous with about 1,000 miles of Indian territory separating its east and west parts. The seat of government was in West Pakistan, while East Pakistan held much of the country's economic resources.

Last March Pakistan government troops clashed, often viciously, with rebels intent on winning independence for East Pakistan. The action started a flood of ten million refugees into India. Impoverished and overcrowded herself, India tried to care for the refugees while increasingly involved in border skirmishes, and finally in outright war, with Pakistan. At this writing, Pakistan has surrendered and India has recognized East Pakistan as the independent state of Bangla Desh. Meanwhile, millions of refugees remain in India and their plight—and India's in handling them—continues.

Edwin H. Maynard, editorial director, Division of Interpretation of the United Methodist Program Council, spent a week in Calcutta and refugee camps last fall. This is his report of what has been called "a tragedy so vast that even to witness it is not enough to comprehend it."

Although his report was written before the war, the refugee and relief scenes he describes remain accurate. [See also *UMCOR Reemphasizes Refugee Relief Need*, page 22.] —Your Editors

"SAHIB, can you let me have a sheet of plastic? My house, it gets so very wet inside . . ."

He was lucky, this refugee from East Pakistan. He was alive. Mansoor was luckier than those too weak to move about, or lying ill with a disease induced by malnutrition. Certainly he was luckier than those shot in the back as they tried to cross the border into India, or burned to death in their own homes.

But the "house" for which this Bengal father sought a roof was a straw hut, built over a frame of rough sticks. The floor space of its single room was perhaps 8 by 12 feet. Triangular reed mats formed the end walls of the A-frame structure. The sloping wall-roof surfaces were of thatch. Here he and his family were housed.

ople don't live in refugee camps—they just exist there. ey wait in line for powdered milk, they die from mal- trition, they beg for a piece of plastic to keep the rain their families. If they are lucky, their camp may have field hospital or a school operated by the Christian ency for Social Action, which is partially funded by ited Methodist money. There are 938 such camps on thirteen-hundred-mile India-East Pakistan border.

Good thatch will shed water and last several years, but Mansoor did not have good thatch. He had gathered up what grass and weeds he could find as one of the Pakistan refugees whom some Indian farmers have described as "a swarm of locusts." Throwing a piece of plastic over the top of his hut would not make a good roof, but it would be an improvement.

Mansoor asked his question at the door of the tent that serves as headquarters for a Christian relief team in a refugee camp near Calcutta. He came because it had rained hard the afternoon before. His family was cold and wet.

Too bad. Martin Ekka, team director, did not have any more plastic sheets. He had given away all he had two weeks earlier. More might be on the way. But when?

A few miles away there is a sick girl. The young doctor, filling a part of his internship as a volunteer in the camp, says the child must go to the hospital. In all probability she will die unless she can receive hospital care—and especially the better food and vitamins she will be given there.

But she is unable to walk the five miles. Her mother is not much stronger and cannot carry her. The father did not even make it to India; he died when troops fired at a column of refugees walking toward the border.

Probably this little girl will never make it to the hospital. The doctor wishes he had a Jeep that could be used all day long carrying sick people to a place where

This boy and his brother stand in flood waters near the family's makeshift home. Many camps flood regularly.

they could receive care. So far his ambulance is just a wish.

The Bengal people who have fled in terror from East Pakistan have found survival in India. Existence in a refugee camp offers little more than survival. It is not only the leaking roof and the sick child, it is the problem of food, of water, of what to do with yourself all day long.

Everything you do is a problem.

How big is the problem? Try mentally to multiply Mansoor's hut until you see a vast city of hovels, each needing a roof that will keep water out. Multiply the sick girl until you see 300,000 children in danger of death from severe malnutrition—or a million more who may expect stunted growth, impairment of eyesight, or even brain damage for lack of vitamins and proper foods.

Multiply these individuals until you see as many as 250,000 persons jammed into a single camp with mud streets, not enough drinking water, and not enough sanitary latrines.

Multiply them again until you see a chain of camps strung out for more than a thousand miles along the border where India surrounds East Pakistan on three sides.

When your multiplication is finished, you will have witnessed the largest international migration of refugees in human history: 10 million people.

Perhaps 2 million of them have faded into the population of India. It is easy, because the people of East Pakistan are Bengal by race, culture, and language. So are the Indian people of this area. While blending into the Indian population may be easy, making a go of it is not. Before the refugee problem erupted in March of 1971, the Indian state of West Bengal already had an unemployment rate approaching 40 percent. There are few jobs for refugees.

For this reason, and also by preference of the government of India, most of the refugees are in camps. The government provides a basic food ration—to the everlasting credit of the Indian people and to the ruination of their economy. (It costs $3 million a day.)

One can understand Mansoor and his leaking roof, but who can comprehend 10 million people? One's heart can ache for the little girl who must get to the hospital but can't. But whose heart is strong enough to ache for 10 million?

How could so vast a problem come to be? What has led people to accept this miserable existence in exile rather than stay at home? This, too, can be seen best in terms of individuals—the human side of the statistics.

Mr. Mullik had been a grain merchant in a country village. He was Hindu and civil war had enflamed age-old tensions between Muslims and Hindus. But that was not his real problem. He was a target of the Razakars—a paramilitary outfit loyal to the central government of Pakistan. They thought he was in favor of the secession of East Pakistan and formation of the Bengal nation of Bangla Desh. So his shop was burned one night, his business wiped out. He feared for his life.

The next day Mr. Mullik, his wife, and eight children

got together with 70 others who already had been planning to walk toward the Indian border. They set out at once. When they approached the river that forms the frontier where they planned to cross, they thought they were lucky. They had not been intercepted to be stripped of what few valuables they might be carrying. They hired two longboats and crowded aboard. When they were in midstream, troops on the Pakistan shore opened fire, killing several persons in each boat. A bullet grazed Mr. Mullik's shoulder and crashed into his jaw. But he survived. Now he is recovering at a hospital in India.

A farmer named Jagdish gave up hope when his granary was looted and his water buffalo shot. He, with his family, also joined a column walking to India. It was a journey of five or six days and their hopes were high when at last they neared the border. Unknowing, they walked into a trap. The military had mined the road, and several of the party were killed. Jagdish stepped on one of the mines and his right foot was blown off. Friends hurriedly stanched the flow of blood, then carried him the last mile to sanctuary in India. At once Indian authorities took him to a field hospital where he was treated. Then he was moved to another hospital farther inland to recuperate.

Martin Ekka described the scene as he watched refugees stream across the frontier last May, at the height of the exodus when 70,000 crossed at just one point in a single day. "It was a strange sight," he said. "I could hardly believe what I saw. So many of them! They were overjoyed when they crossed the border to safety. Some shouted; others kissed the ground. But all were exhausted from their long walk. They were exhilarated at first, but before long everybody was sleeping on the ground under the trees—all except the wounded, that is. I myself picked up a number of people that day who had been hit by bullets while coming out. Some of them died on the way to our hospital."

Without doubt in many cases political sentiments—real or suspected—contributed to the making of a refugee, as in the case of the village grain merchant. But one gets the feeling that more times than not it was the other way around: harassment, looting, burning, rape, and outright murder in East Pakistan made daily converts to the cause of Bangla Desh. The bitterness thus engendered destroys hope for reconciliation.

In the midst of overwhelming problems, several hundred Christian volunteers are working in the refugee camps in India. They know better than to try to solve the problem of 10 million. They attack the problem of each Mansoor, each Mullik, each Jagdish.

[Shortly after major fighting ended, an ecumenical relief and rehabilitation team was assembled in Europe by the World Council of Churches. The team is at work in Bangla Desh, preparing the way for the return of the refugees. —Editors]

In addition to the work of governments, the United Nations and Red Cross, there are 21 voluntary agencies helping the refugees from East Pakistan. Some are humanitarian and others religious, including one Hindu relief organization. There are several Christian groups, both Catholic and Protestant. One of the most effective is CASA—the Christian Agency for Social Action—formed by the churches of India.

It is to CASA that the Student Christian Movement of India has fed a stream of volunteers. The two Christian medical colleges, Ludhiana and Vellore, have sent doctors and nurses. And it is to CASA that United Methodists, both in India and the United States, have related.

The United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief made initial grants to the work of CASA out of undesignated funds. During the summer of 1971 UMCOR gave $100,000 to put supplies and equipment into the hands of Indian workers. In October another $30,000 was released to buy clothing and blankets.

Then, last November, a Bishops' Appeal for Refugees from East Pakistan was authorized. This was a call for a special offering to be received in United Methodist churches all across the USA on January 9, 1972. The goal was a minimum of a million dollars, although much more is needed. Money that has been given—and will yet be given—in response to the Bishops' appeal will be used by UMCOR. In addition UMCOR will apply to the relief of Bengal refugees a substantial portion of money given to it in the One Great Hour of Sharing offering on March 12.

At the moment the primary role for American churchmen seems to be to provide food, milk powder, vitamins, medicines, medical equipment, clothing, and other relief supplies. The Christian people of India have been giving money, but they are poor and their offerings will not go very far in the purchase of equipment and supplies. They are giving liberally of their human resources. It becomes what Bishop Joseph R. Lance of Lucknow, India, chairman of the UMCOR Committee of the Methodist Church in Southern Asia, describes as "a partnership in which we share, each contributing what God has made it possible for him to give."

Bishop A. J. Shaw, president of the Board of Bishops of the church in India, has asked for additional workers, with emphasis on the formation of two medical teams by doctors and nurses from the 21 hospitals related to the church. Accordingly, four men have been released by the bishops of the Methodist Church in Southern Asia to devote all their energies and time to Bengal refugee relief.

No small group of people and no single church organization will solve the problems of the refugees from East Pakistan. But it *is* possible to get behind the big numbers—over to the human side of the statistics—and bring hope to the man for whom everything is a problem.

It can be done. We are doing it now. We can do much more if we decide we want to do it. □

As a Campus Minister Sees Students...

More Interest in Religion, But Doubts About Church

By Raymond C. Jones

As director of the Wesley Foundation at the University of Illinois since 1961, the Rev. R. Benjamin (Ben) Garrison has been close to students through a decade both of relative calmness and relative turmoil. Thus he has had a unique opportunity to know and understand young people and to become familiar with their motives for seeking reforms in the university and in the church.

Dr. Garrison, the son, grandson, and nephew of Methodist ministers, came to the university after ten years in New Jersey and Indiana pastorates. He has traveled widely, preaching on more than 35 campuses throughout the United States and in two foreign countries.

In 1964 he published the book *Portrait of the Church: Warts and All* in which he criticized "many of the encrusted institutional forms now under attack by students." In this interview Mr. Garrison takes an updated look at students and some of the "encrusted institutional forms."

The interviewer, Raymond Jones, became acquainted with Dr. Garrison while completing work on a master's degree in journalism at the University of Illinois. A native of New Hope, Pa., and a graduate of United Methodist-related Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., Mr. Jones recently joined the staff of the *Hunterdon County Democrat,* Flemington, N.J.

—*Your Editors*

IS RELIGION dying on the college campus?

No. I think that institutional forms are changing and that some of these forms are going to die and should. But, if anything, over the years that I've been involved in the university ministry, there has been an *increase* in religious interest. It is not always focused in the traditional institutional church, though there's a lot of that left, too.

What's bothering today's young people the most?

Young people—thoughtful young people at least—have always been concerned about some sense of identity as summed up in the sometime-cliché question, Who am I? But it's not just a cliché for it is tied to the question not only of identity but of purpose for their own lives. In the college years this means a variety of things, among them vocational pur-

pose like: What am I competent to do? or, What do I want to do?

On the negative side, students are concerned with what they see as an increasing tendency in our society to depersonalization, whether at the government level, the church level, or the family level. They are impatient with structures that do not seem able to be bent, or molded, or changed at points where they think those structures are frustrating important values. This is why students desire, and sometimes demand, more voice in governing their own affairs. Even the military is facing this.

If you were a college student today, what would you be most concerned about?

I think I'd be concerned about all the things I've just mentioned. Before getting more specific, however, I ought to put something in parentheses: Any generalization one makes about students is bound to be false, at least when you get more than three students involved.

When people ask me, "What are the students thinking?" I'd like to answer, "What are the people in Hometown thinking?" They're thinking stupidly and wisely, politically and nonpolitically, conservatively and radically so that qualification has to go into any answer.

But I find that student concern for the war in Indochina is a valid question of values, not based just upon a desire to escape the draft or save their skins. It's an expression of the kind of idealism that characterizes young people today at their best, as is concern about environment.

Is the church becoming too "political" in this process of translating belief into form? Some have raised the criticism that today's ministers aren't concerned enough with traditional spiritual values.

A lot of people probably feel that way. But that's a testimony to the abject failure of our Christian educational processes to indicate what Christianity is all about. It is pretty evident that Jesus saw the sincerity of what a man professed in terms of what he did about it, not how he labeled it.

All Christians are ministers. The church is the whole people of God. No, I don't believe the church is becoming too political. I believe that our society is becoming more polarized on a variety of questions about which sincere Christians may legitimately differ. But I look upon the church as a fellowship in which we can differ in love but still labor in unity. One professor I know has said that the university should be a center for "raging dialogue." That's not a bad description of at least part of the function of the church.

We hear a lot about the need for more "social concern," especially from students. What does this mean for the church?

Until I as a Christian learn to translate what I claim to believe into concrete forms that affect the way in which life takes place on this planet—whether it's the way a family lives together, the way a minority person is treated, or the way a small nation in Southeast Asia is treated by my country—until I begin to translate this specifically, then it's all a kind of intellectual game.

Thomas Carlyle accused the early Methodists, in a rather indelicate phrase, of spending too much time contemplating their spiritual navels. That's what happens when there isn't any concrete concern to translate religious beliefs into specific form.

Have you observed any alterations of basic religious values during your campus ministry?

This question expresses the legitimate concern of some people, but by and large the people who ask that are not a part of the academic community. I, for one, would not equate religious interest with church attendance. I talk with a lot of people who wouldn't darken the door of a conventional church, but they're still very much concerned about values which are fundamentally religious. There are some signs that institutional religion is not so healthy, or at least not so muscle-bound, as it once was, but I don't think that means it's about to collapse.

What means, other than traditional, are students employing to express their feelings?

The "drug scene" is a part of this, although I have a feeling that we may have passed the crest of it at the college level. Many drug users, although they're going down a blind alley, are doing it because of a hunger for religious values.

Do you think organized religion has failed young people in any notable manner?

I'm a little uneasy with the term "organized religion" because, without trying to be facetious, the alternative seems to be "disorganized religion," and I'm not terribly excited about that option. Any important human enterprise will assume some kind of structural shape. The problems are twofold:

First, institutions almost by definition fail of their ideal goals. So if you hold accomplishments against ideals, there's always room for legitimate criticism.

Second, one reason they fail is that structures become rigid and unbending. The church has been guilty of what has been called structural fundamentalism; that is, some of us

who feel liberated doctrinally are rigid at the organizational level. Try to change the composition of a local church's governing board and people get as uptight as if you were trying to deny the story of creation. I'm very critical of the church at this point.

Where do you think, on the other hand, that the church has succeeded in appealing to young people?

There are certain atmospheric differences between a church made up predominantly of young people and a more typical church; but fundamentally the church is the church. I don't see that the university church is fundamentally different. I'd prefer to phrase the question, Where has the church succeeded?

My answer involves young people, but it's a lot more than young people. The church has succeeded in keeping alive a kind of idealism and a quality of ethical goals for human life that I doubt would have survived without some institutional embodiment. I'm a bit suspicious of those who say, "I want to take the ethics of Jesus, but I don't want to have anything to do with the church." This is like saying you believe in health but not in hospitals.

Do you think that young people are so materially secure as to have less motivation to seek the spiritual comfort of the church?

I'm not sure they are all that much more secure than their parents. But I think it is true that until people butt their heads up against something they can't handle, they tend—whether they are students or not—to try to make it on their own. I know that basic theological questions like, Is there a God? or What is God like? are very hard to raise in the abstract. Yet, the same young man who resists the church's efforts to make him address himself to a question such as that, once he is married and has a child and the kid starts asking such questions, suddenly becomes much more open to the ministry. Because now, you see, he's facing a specific problem.

I really feel sorry, though, for some kids, especially those who have such ambiguous feelings about the war in Viet Nam. They're too honest to say, "I could not under any circumstances bear arms." But they're also honest enough to say, "I can't see any justification for the war in Viet Nam."

At present the law doesn't protect them. They have about three choices. One is to hope for a high draft number, thereby avoiding the issue. A second is to go to Canada. A third is to go to jail. That's a dilemma I didn't have to face in my generation. World War II wasn't nearly so clear morally as we thought it was, but it was a devil of a lot clearer than Viet Nam. So when I say I'm not sure this generation is all that secure, I think the moral ambiguities they face at a variety of levels are far more fearsome than any my generation faced.

However, I do get a little concerned when some young people talk as if no previous generation had to face any overwhelming problems. The dilemma isn't altogether new, but there are some dimensions to it which seem to me to be new.

Which aspect or trend of the so-called youth revolution stands out in your mind as most dangerous, if any?

One that particularly bothers me as a Christian is the emphasis upon what people want to do—"doing their own thing"—and that relates to the question of sexual morality, to the question of the drug scene, and to the question of the overtly violent protests we have witnessed.

I talked to a young man recently who was openly, and without any particular shame, living with a girl that he was in love with—and I'm sure he was in love with her. I said, "Would you want your kid sister to do this?" And he said, "If she wanted to." I'd like to check back with him in 15 years, when he has his own daughter, and see if he would say the same thing. I'm afraid that a lot of people aren't facing up to the implications of this kind of life-style. It does contain a built-in escape hatch.

Do you think that public concern over many of these problems is disproportionate or exaggerated?

Sure. A lot is based on ignorance. I'm not quite sure how I feel about liberalizing our narcotics laws, for example.. And my reason is that qualified experts can't agree on the subject. So where's the layman like you and me to stand on the question? I tend to feel the laws do need to be changed to make some distinction between pot and the hard stuff, but how they are to be changed is a problem I'm not clear on. Anyway, I do think that some anxieties are disproportionate.

Are young people being used as scapegoats?

Yes, by some people. Recently I read a book about Kent State University. The author makes it pretty clear that young people are used as scapegoats, especially by a new attitude which has crept into the public consciousness: "You don't have to listen to them because they dress differently or because their hair is longer."

I had my hair in a crew cut when I entered the ministry, and one member of my family thought it was very inappropriate for someone entering this profession. Now we've come all the way around and this same member of my family thinks that my present facial adornments are somewhat inappropriate. And I mention that only because I think this is one way people use these superficial things to avoid taking young people seriously.

We had a very interesting experiment here last spring in which we invited a group of typical "middle American" citizens onto the campus for a day. We tried to emphasize small Illinois towns. Remember now, this was after the tumultuous events we'd had here in the early spring. We spent the first hour listening to

them—to find out what the people of Paxton or Newman, Illinois, were saying about university students, the university, the church, and so on. Then we sent them out on campus at noon, instead of having a nice, comfortable meal for them. We said, "Look, get over your bashfulness and buttonhole a student and say, 'I'm here to learn; let's talk.' "

We sent them to a variety of places to talk with university people. Then they came back to the church about 3:30 and shared what they had found out. I'll never forget one woman who said, "I had lunch with a hippie, and he was the gentlest person I've ever met." She was just fascinated with this guy, but she probably hadn't been within 50 miles of a hippy before. The beautiful thing was that the stereotype was broken, and she saw him as a person. We need a great deal more of that, in both directions.

Is youthful activism here to stay, part of a passing fad, or part of a natural, continuing cycle?

I tend to think more of the third alternative.

It's not here to stay, though there will always be some students who are oriented in this direction. But it's more than a passing fad. We're waking up to some values in our society that we really haven't been too clear on before. There is a cycle, and it will recede, and come back again.

President Nixon said in an interview that the fundamental cause of many of the nation's problems is that "the old values are being torn away, people's religious faith is being lost, and family ties are becoming less and less meaningful." Do you think the American family is in jeopardy?

No. I think that the family probably is in the process of a fairly marked shift. The typical mid-19th-century family consisted of at least three generations, but that is no longer the case. The communes are telling us something about the family that we haven't heard yet. I cannot dismiss the commune as some kind of "sex orgy" or "license." Some of these people are not constructed that way. They have become disillusioned with the so-called nuclear family—where all emphasis is upon material security of this unit and you don't care if the people next door are having difficulties.

I think that all the things we've been talking about have to have some effect on the family. And I wouldn't be surprised if they are going to alter it, but I have no notion as to how.

Are there any signs that some of these problems are cooling off?

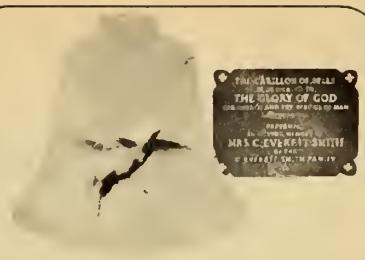
My hope as an American with vigorous democratic commitments is that the fundamental change and the goading can come with a minimal degree of stress on the social structure. I hope, in other words, that we can find creative ways of exerting stress that will keep us uncomfortable with our lack of social and economic accomplishments but at the same time not tear us apart.

I doubt very much, though, that we're going to get the finest young people to crawl back into their shells completely. I remember one young man who came to me last spring in tears. He said, "I've been here seven years. I've never participated in a demonstration of any kind, but I've had it!" Now this guy was about as straight as they come. But he was finally recognizing that, until he put his life on the line, so to speak, a lot of the things he was learning in law school were going to become irrelevant. If "cooling" means we're going to cool that kind of thing down, I hope we don't cool.

Do you think the church will emerge from all this stronger or weaker?

Stronger. I have a very deep faith in the church. I am a son of the church. My father and uncle and my grandfather were all clergymen, and nobody can say anything critical about the church which I haven't thought and sometimes said. But when I'm critical of the church, it is because it's a lover's quarrel. I think she's worth saving. And I think we're in for some rather drastic changes in form.

But I think that, if you mean by the "church" the community of "Jesus people," that it is going to go on, in some form or another. The institutional church will either be responsive to the commitments of people, or the people—well, they may not bother to tear it down, they'll just find a way around it. In that sense I have great confidence in the future of the church. □



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Local Church Pioneers on TV

Beginning in late January a television show conceived and produced by First United Methodist Church of Grand Junction, Colo., was to go on a network covering western Colorado and eastern Utah.

This series on the XYZ Network is a follow-up to a 13-week series which the church pioneered last fall on cable television. One official of United Methodism's television, radio, and film agency called the series unique among local churches in the United States.

Our Heritage, based on Old Testament stories, was the theme of the fall series. Pictures of western Colorado scenery, similar to that of the Holy Land, were interspersed with stories and songs performed in the studio.

The series is aimed at children, but church officials said they considered the programs sophisticated enough for the entire family. More than 100 church members were involved in producing the programs.

The church's minister of education, the Rev. A. Eugene Rushing, brought home the idea for the TV series from a consultation sponsored in February, 1971, by the United Methodist Board of Education.

Two women in the church's work area on education picked up the idea and ran with it. Mrs. James Wilson, utilizing previous experience on television in Chicago, wrote scripts and served as program hostess. Mrs. Ray Hickman directed costuming and sets.

For the fall series on cable television the church paid $70 studio production costs for each of 13 programs. The spring series on a three-station network will be scheduled on public service time, made possible by the Federal Communications Commission's expressed desire for more local programming by TV licensees.

Under the glaring lights and probing camera eye of a television studio, First United Methodist Church of Grand Junction, Colo., pioneered last fall in a 13-week series based on the Old Testament.

CATHOLICS, METHODISTS WELCOME NEW TALKS

Official national-level dialogue between United Methodists and Roman Catholics, broken off for more than two years, will resume in February.

The resumption comes amid warm welcomes extended by both sides.

U.S. Catholic bishops, meeting last November, adopted a resolution welcoming continuation of dialogue between the two churches. The resolution also expressed gratification for a diminution by United Methodism's 1970 General Conference of some anti-Catholic references in the Methodist Articles of Religion.

Bishop F. Gerald Ensley of United Methodism's Ohio West Area is chairman of his denomination's portion of a dialogue group which had met several times. A reported conflict of schedules caused cancellation of a session in 1969, and none had been held since.

In response to the Catholic bishops' November invitation, Bishop Ensley said, "I favor continuing dialogue with the Roman Catholic bishops. In fact, in many ways, this is the most satisfying ecumenical contact that I have. Their problems are far closer to ours than one would think."

He also indicated that no meeting of the full dialogue groups is planned in the near future, and said that whether there would be one in the 1972-76 quadrennium "remains to be seen."

Scheduled in February, however, is a meeting of five scholars from each church. This meeting reportedly grows out of efforts by the larger group of some 15 from each church.

Initial topic in this scaled-down dialogue series will be spirituality in the ministry. Bishop Paul A. Washburn of United Methodism's Minnesota Area will head his delegation. He also is president of the United Methodist Commission on Ecumenical Affairs.

Church Speaks to Society: Should It? Who Listens?

When the church speaks on social issues, who is listening?

Church members?

Legislators?

There is evidence that a lot of people are listening. Many do not like what they are hearing, and many of them say the church should not be speaking at all.

One recent case illustrates many of the variations.

The religious community was divided over the proposed "prayer amendment" to the U.S. Constitution. Among church agencies opposed to its passage were the United Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns and the Women's Division of the Board of Missions.

In identical resolutions the agencies declared their belief that passage of the prayer amendment "would seriously jeopardize the traditional separation of church and state, erode the guarantees of the First Amendment, and cause substantial and unnecessary divisiveness in the religious community."

No better indication of the already existing divisiveness of the religious community was available than one found in the Social Concerns' headquarters building in Washington, D.C. In its chapel a United Methodist laywoman, Mrs. Miriam Wood Taft, originated a prayer vigil supporting the prayer amendment. "Ever since we took prayer out of the schools, America has gone downhill," she declared.

The proposed amendment did receive a majority vote of 240-162 in the House of Representatives. But this fell 28 short of the two-thirds vote necessary for a constitutional amendment.

House Minority Leader Gerald O. Ford later said that the amendment fell before what he termed a massive lobbying effort against it by religious leaders. The congressman who led the successful campaign, Republican Fred Schwengel, an Iowa Baptist, was honored at a dinner at Washington's National Presbyterian Church Center.

Not all legislators share Congressman Ford's evaluation of the power of church lobbying. Senator Mark O. Hatfield, Baptist from Oregon, has branded church lobbyists "rank amateurs" in their efforts to influence public policy. The senator said he reacts against the type of church lobby that comes with a resolution purporting to "represent X number of people because they count up their constituency membership. I know that they probably haven't talked to more than the church politicians."

That may be sufficient, countered Dr. Robert J. Marshall, president of the Lutheran Church in America.

Dr. Marshall strongly defended the church's role as a teacher trying to assist people in deciding the right course, and he said that one method churches have found useful is the making of pronouncements on vital issues, often against the wishes of their own members. He added that churches should keep up a running debate during which all sides of an issue can be heard and should not be bothered by those who drop out.

The "drop out" problem indicates a gap between pulpit and pew. Dr. Marshall takes the surprising position that church commissions which compose public statements tend to have a majority of laymen who sometimes want to speak out more boldly than ministers.

More frequently the problem is seen in just the opposite light. The gathered leadership cannot be too far ahead of the people, said the Rev. Dean Kelley, a United Methodist who is director of social justice for the National Council of Churches (NCC).

Mr. Kelley finds that the NCC, since its inception in 1950, has adopted at least 80 policy statements bearing on the social and political order. Though many of these positions were unpopular at their inception, many eventually "came to be adopted by significant proportions or even majorities of the people" or the government, he claimed. As examples he cited NCC policies on Mainland China, Medicare, aid to higher education, civil rights, immigration, and the Viet Nam War.

Even Mr. Kelley's examples, though, do not finally answer the question of how effective the church is in its pronouncements. Gov. Reubin Askew of Florida has said, "Almost all the real progress in Western civilization has come from the church as catalyst." Roman Catholic Bishop Ernest J. Primeau of New Hampshire argues that the church has no special competency in the political sphere.

Who is right?

Further, who is listening?

United Methodists in the News

A physician from Bamberg, S.C., Dr. **Michael Watson**, has been named to head a National Council of Churches (NCC) study on the effects of drug advertising. The United Methodist layman will lead a subcommittee within the NCC's Task Force on Drug Problems to determine whether medicine and drug promotion proposing chemical solutions to human problems constitutes misuse of advertising.

Wes H. Bartlett, member of First United Methodist Church in Algona, Iowa, was named president of Kiwanis International.

A United Methodist layman is one of 15 members of a newly formed rent board under Phase 2 of President Nixon's economic stabilization program. **Fred C. Tucker, Jr.**, a member of Meridian Street Church in Indianapolis, Ind., is president-elect of the National Association of Real Estate Boards.

A one-minute animated film called *Preacher* has won a series of awards for **John Taylor**, a United Methodist layman who is director of film and visual arts for the World Council of Churches. The film, which is a satirical comment on the misuse of television by the church, was part of the Festival of World Television in Hollywood, Calif. It was praised at the Eighth International Animated Film Festival in Annecy, France, won a certificate of special mention at the Chicago International Film Festival, and will be shown as one of the year's best films at the London Film Festival.

FAMILY-LIFE MEETINGS SPLIT INTO REGIONALS

Instead of one national family-life conference for United Methodists, three regional conferences have been scheduled for the 1972-76 quadrennium.

The denomination's 32-member General Committee on Family Life recently approved this schedule:

Eastern regional, August 2-4, 1974, in Washington, D.C.

Western regional, August 23-25, 1974, San Francisco, Calif.

Midwestern regional, October 18-20, 1974, St. Louis, Mo.

Since 1951, six national family-life conferences have been held under auspices of the committee and its predecessor committee in the former Methodist Church. The most recent was in 1970 in Chicago

UMCOR REEMPHASIZES REFUGEE RELIEF NEED

The hot, shooting war has ended between India and Pakistan, but in the face of freezing temperatures in much of the embattled region, the need for relief funds and supplies is greater than ever.

So stated the United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief in an urgent telegram to bishops and district superintendents. The telegram, signed by UMCOR President Bishop Ralph T. Alton, solicited church-wide support for the Council of Bishops' appeal for a minimum of $1 million to aid Pakistan refugees.

The Council of Bishops, meeting last November before shooting began, authorized the $1 million offering.

Said J. Harry Haines, UMCOR executive secretary, "The money won't fall into wrong hands. We won't be turning the resources over to either the Bangla Desh or the Indian government but will be channeling it through a World Council of Churches' ecumenical team."

The WCC assembled a relief and rehabilitation team from Europe to go into Bangla Desh so that efforts will be made in both India and Bangla Desh to provide emergency medical care, housing, clothing, and food-for-work projects.

A background *Special Report* on Pakistan refugees, suggested by the Council of Bishops as a local church resource document, begins on page 12 of this issue.

CENTURY CLUB

One of our new Century Club members, Miss Ida Peppard, has a sister, Mrs. Nellie Comstock, who celebrated her one-hundredth birthday two years ago and thus preceded her "baby sister" in Century Club membership.

Mrs. William (Mary E.) Chenot, 100, Massillon, Ohio.

Mrs. Luella M. Hughes, 102, Brookville, Pa.

Ida Peppard, 100, Port Chester, N.Y.

Mrs. Minnie Stanford, 100, Enid, Okla.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where a member, and location of church.

Unusual ministries are represented in these two men. Left is the Rev. Robert F. Fitts, pastor of a 435-member United Methodist congregation in Milan, Ill. He also works 16 hours a month on his town's police auxiliary. "Mostly we become involved with speeders and drunks," he said. His colleague is Shelby Lawver. At right is the Rev. Akio Tsukamoto. Last fall he became the first Asian pastor to come to the United States under a new United Methodist Asian-American ministries program. Mr. Tsukamoto, a minister of the United Church of Christ of Japan, ministers primarily in the Japanese language to Simpson United Methodist Church, Arvada, Colo., and to its community.

'LIBERATION' AHEAD FOR 'MOTIVE' READERS

Two final issues in January will mark the end of ***motive*** magazine, a storm center for most of its 30 years, first under Methodist, then United Methodist, and finally ecumenical sponsorship.

The final issues will be mailed simultaneously. One is on "gay men's liberation," the other on "gay women's liberation."

Editor Robert E. Maurer said the magazine's subscription lists and related information were to be given to ***Liberation*** magazine, published in New York City.

motive remained a storm center to the end. Principal salvos were a seven-page letter to subscribers from Editor Maurer and H. Lynn Jondahl, president of the ***motive*** board, and a rejoinder by Dr. Myron F. Wicke, general secretary of the United Methodist Board of Education's Division of Higher Education.

motive moved from United Methodist to independent sponsorship July 1, 1971, with the understanding that its $77,000 budget for calendar 1971 would include $50,000 from Dr. Wicke's division and the balance from United Ministries in Higher Education, an interdenominational group.

In their letter to subscribers, Mr. Maurer and Mr. Jondahl accused the denomination of lack of support. Dr. Wicke countered that their response was "confused, ill-tempered, and graceless."

There seemed some differences over the purpose of the magazine. Dr. Wicke spoke of a magazine "that would speak meaningfully, within a context of Christian theology, to the concerns of college students." The magazine's officials spoke of filling its pages "with the undiluted voices of the oppressed and alienated."

HEALTH, WELFARE SAYS 14 MILLION TO BENEFIT

By the end of the 1968-72 quadrennium, health and welfare ministries related to The United Methodist Church will have served almost 14 million persons and spent more than $2 billion in operating funds.

This estimate came from the denomination's Board of Health and Welfare Ministries. Board president Bishop Paul V. Galloway of Little Rock, Ark., said, "These ministries touch more people directly than any other United Methodist program beyond the local church."

The board looked to its own expansion for the 1972-76 quadrennium by requesting $5.3 million in operating funds from the United Methodist general treasury. This is a fivefold increase over what the board is receiving for 1968-72.

Four New, Unique Mayors United Methodists All

Four United Methodists—a Japanese-American, two 19-year-old youths, and a black pastor—share one thing in common as a result of recent mayoral elections. They won.

In a 15-man race for the top office in San Jose, Calif., Norman Mineta carried off 62 percent of the vote to become the first Nisei mayor of a major American city.

The 39-year-old San Jose native called it a "breakthrough for Niseis in politics on the mainland."

As a child during World War II, Mr. Mineta spent two years in a relocation center in Wyoming when his family and other Japanese were moved from three West Coast states and placed in internment camps. That, he said, is a "kind of history from which we must learn so that nothing like it can happen again."

He said that the help he received from San Jose people on his family's return was one reason he entered public service. In 1967 Mr. Mineta, a partner in an insurance firm, was appointed to the city council. He was named vice-mayor in 1969.

At Wesley United Methodist Church he has been a long-time member. For many years he served as chairman of the finance commission and was active in the Santa Clara County Council of Churches. His relationship with the church stems from his parents, who were pioneer members.

Another United Methodist layman, 19-year-old Jody Smith of Ayrshire, Iowa, became the nation's youngest mayor.

The lifelong resident of the town of 250 is a freshman at Iowa Lakes Community College in nearby Emmetsburg. When he is not at school, Jody drives a school bus in the mornings and afternoons, or helps out at the United Methodist Church in Ayrshire where he is an active member. His activities there have ranged from assisting in worship services as liturgist to puttying up a window, says his pastor and next door neighbor, the Rev. Kent R. Kastler.

Active in community and school life, Jody has been very interested in politics, said his pastor. "I'm glad to have him get into politics," he commented, adding that Jody has talked about majoring in municipal administration at college.

Ronald Hooker, who celebrated his 19th birthday in June—four months before Jody—became the second youngest mayor. Running as an independent write-in candidate, he defeated four others by winning 65.7 percent of the votes cast by Newcomerstown, Ohio, residents.

Ron ran on a dare from his next door neighbor, an attorney who got him to run by "telling him he couldn't do it." With the support of the townspeople, many of whom he had known all his life, he was easily elected to the $3,000 part-time mayor's job. Serious about his election, he sets his main objective to bring new industry and business into Newcomerstown. Hopefully, that will bring work for everyone and growth of the town of 4,000 some 85 miles south of Cleveland.

Currently in his junior year at Ashland College in Ashland, Ohio, Ron took one week off from studies but expected to make that up. He plans to stay at Ashland where he serves on the religious affairs committee. A member of Christ United Methodist Church in Newcomerstown, he is a regular attender.

Ask him for his opinion on marijuana and he is quick to tell you that he is against legalizing it—"a stepping-stone to worse things." On college students, generally, he believes "there are a few student protesters who give colleges and youth a bad name. The television, radio, and press show the ones who are acting up. The big majority are good kids."

Ron's ambition does not stop, however, at the mayor's desk in Newcomerstown. He hopes someday to be speaker of the state House of Representatives.

Like Ron and Jody, the Rev. Walter S. Taylor, 54, had never held any political office when he decided "spontaneously" to run for the highest post in Englewood, N.J.

In the town of 28,000 he was elected on the Democratic ticket, narrowly defeating a Republican candidate and the independent incumbent.

Pastor of Englewood's Galilee United Methodist Church for 19 years, Mr. Taylor is the brother of Bishop Prince A. Taylor of the New Jersey Area.

A member of the city's Urban Renewal Commission and Housing Authority, he is the first black mayor in the town's history.

A "family Bible" is rotating one week at a time among members of Main Street United Methodist Church in Kernersville, N.C. Each family, like Mr. and Mrs. Kemp Wicker, is to keep the Bible a week, write its name inside, and then pass it on to another household. Mr. Wicker said he and his wife were "humbled and proud" to begin the program. Now a semi-invalid, Mr. Wicker was a pitcher for the New York Yankees and participated in the 1936 and 1937 World Series. The Rev. L. Donald Ellis, pastor, said the circulating "family Bible" should help break down barriers between people and help the church avoid an impersonalization malady.

LAITY BOARD SUGGESTS GET MORE YOUTH INVOLVED

United Methodism needs more youth and young adult participation at all levels, from the local church to the general church.

So advised the General Board of the Laity at its 1971 annual meeting.

In a resolution, the board said that participation by youth/young adults means service on "divisions, commissions, committees, and task forces . . . on the same basis as all other members." The resolution added that boards of the laity at all levels of the church have a responsibility to help youth/young adults find ways to participate.

For its own part the general board has several youth members. The board said it would fill professional staff vacancies without regard to age, sex, or ethnic background of the applicants.

Countdown for COCU

SHOULD NINE American Protestant denominations unite to form one church as proposed by the Consultation on Church Union (COCU)?

One housewife was asked in our hearing if she favored the Consultation on Church Union plan. "Why, no," she replied. "If I didn't want to be a Presbyterian, I wouldn't have become one." Many United Methodists, Episcopalians, or Disciples no doubt have voiced similar sentiments.

On the other hand, denominational distinctions mean very little to millions of American churchmen. In our mobile population, many people on the move join the neighborhood church that best ministers to their needs—whatever the denominational label. Check almost any congregation, and you will be amazed at the variety of church backgrounds in its membership. The important and unifying factor is simply a common confession of Jesus Christ as Lord.

The General Conference of The United Methodist Church has asked its members to study *A Plan of Union* as developed by the Consultation on Church Union. [See *When Churches Take COCU Seriously*, October, 1971, page 22.] Whatever may be the final decision of the church, we believe it should be an informed decision. In order to give further information to our readers, we present below excerpts from *A Word to the Churches From the Consultation on Church Union* as formulated in the most recent meeting of COCU's ten-year history, in Denver, Colorado:

"We reaffirm our commitment to the broadest possible participation in developing an improved *Plan of Union*. Already 450,000 copies of the plan have been distributed, and more than 400 comments from study groups have come to us. We expect many more before the close of this phase of the period of study on June 1, 1972. We shall give all of them careful consideration.

"We have seen more vividly than ever before the importance of mutual involvement among Christians in the quest for the church which God wills. We discover church union in a process of growing together. Just so, the members of our churches may grow together as they discuss together the issues posed by *A Plan of Union* and live out some implications of its principles.

"Accordingly, we ask our member churches to act in two crucial and interrelated areas:

"(1) to initiate, participate in, and continue to promote programs leading to the achievement of racial justice and compensatory treatment for minorities in the churches and in the nation, the sharing of resources among the constituent churches, and cooperative action in mission;

"(2) to move in the near future to an interim eucharistic fellowship on some regular basis. This is to understand the Lord's Supper as both cause and sign of unity. We believe that the chapters on the sacraments in *A Plan of Union* suggest the kind of theological agreement within which, in our declared quest for a united church, we could share in the one table of our Lord, even as we share in witness and service.

"In addition, we have made an extended series of practical recommendations to our member churches which we believe will further the process of growing together . . .

"At Denver we found ourselves called back again to first things, the story of God's liberating work in the Exodus, in the experience of his people Israel, and in the gracious ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ. As we have thought anew about his teachings, his mighty works, his life, death, and Resurrection, we have heard this gospel as his call to new life in him and to sharing with him in the sufferings of the world. He has given us a new vision of one church formed by this story.

"We declare with a new conviction the gospel imperative to organic union. As Christians who share that one gospel, we can no longer justify our institutional separation from one another. As his ministers of reconciliation, we must find together those structures for mission which will enable us to serve the oppressed, the hurt, and the poor in ways not open to us in our separateness."

The above statement reaffirms the purpose of delegates to COCU to press on toward realization of their goals. The following denominations officially participate in COCU: The African Methodist Episcopal Church, The African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, The Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), The Christian Methodist Episcopal Church, The Episcopal Church, The Presbyterian Church in the U.S., The United Church of Christ, The United Methodist Church, and The United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.

The time is fast approaching for United Methodists to decide through their General Conference whether to continue as participants in COCU, seeking to perfect *A Plan of Union*, or to drop out of this movement toward organizational unity. Whether the decision is positive or negative, we hope it will be one which is based upon knowledge of the plan and which results from a considered Christian judgment on the merits and demerits of the proposal.

Furthermore, such a decision should accurately reflect the convictions of as many United Methodist lay people as possible. Nothing less is worthy of the ten years of work the churches have invested in COCU and the scope of the Church of Christ Uniting which the plan envisions. —*Your Editors*

Who Are These Spanish-Speaking Americans?

By JUSTO L. GONZALEZ

IT IS NOT the Spanish-American but the Anglo-American who is the newcomer to this country. Nineteen years before Sir Walter Raleigh founded his ephemeral colony in Virginia (1584), the Spanish founded a city which still exists in St. Augustine, Fla. And ten years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock (1620), the Spanish founded Santa Fe, now the capital of New Mexico.

Actually, the first Spanish-Americans who became part of this country did not do so by migration but were rather engulfed by the United States in its process of expansion.

In 1810, the United States annexed western Florida in order to have an outlet into the Gulf of Mexico—which was then truly the Gulf of *Mexico*. By 1853, the U.S. had acquired, by various means, what now is Florida, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, and sizable parts of Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Wyoming. This in-

cluded more than half of what used to be Mexico, and it more than doubled the territory of the United States.

I do not say all this to complain, but simply to point out that Spanish-American roots in this country are old and deep. Since Spanish-Americans have been here for so long and yet have kept their identity, it is doubtful that they will follow the same process of assimilation by which the Swedes, the Irish, and the Italians have joined the mainstream of American society.

Four Groups Predominate

Basically today's Spanish-Americans comprise four groups: Hispanos, Mexican-Americans, Puerto Ricans, and Cubans. To these could be added a sprinkling from other Latin American republics, formed mostly by immigrants with particular skills. But these are scattered throughout the nation and either return to their country of origin within a few years or are assimilated.

Hispanos are descendants of those who lived in Mexico north of the Rio Grande when the land became part of the U.S. They did not come to this country—this country came to them. Pushed aside by hordes of Anglos, they resented—and still do—this invasion of a land they considered theirs. They are quick to point out that they are not Mexican-Americans. But Anglo society has not dealt with them any better than it has with their newly arrived cousins and, therefore, for this discussion, I shall consider them as Mexican-Americans.

The early decades of this century were troubled years in Mexican history. A great, often bloody, revolution wrecked the country's economy. The United States at that time was enjoying prosperity so there was a mass migration from Mexico to the U.S. Almost a tenth of Mexico's population crossed the border during this time. Then conditions changed. U.S. economy faltered, Mexico became more politically stable, and the U.S. Immigration Service began applying strict controls.

Still several thousand Mexicans cross the border annually to settle permanently in the U.S. Like other Spanish-Americans, they must take the most lowly jobs and endure discrimination. But they feel the opportunities for work and advancement here, meager and restricted though they are, are still greater than those in their own homeland.

Puerto Rico became a possession of the United States in 1898 when this nation, then at the high point of its youthful exuberance, defeated old and tired Spain. In 1917, through an act of Congress, all Puerto Ricans became U.S. citizens. So Puerto Ricans who come to the mainland technically are not immigrants—but culturally they are. Many come from small, semirural towns and move to large cities such as New York and Chicago. Wherever they live, they always consider Puerto Rico their home, and they yearn for the open skies, warm climate, and friendly atmosphere of their island.

Long before Castro there were Cubans in Florida and in large cities like New York. Since 1959, however, there has been a mass migration of Cubans to the U.S. They came by stages, first mostly the *Batistianos* and the very wealthy. Later came intellectuals, professionals, and technical workers. Eventually the exodus included people from all walks of life. A number of these people have left the Greater Miami area—a process the federal government has encouraged—and now are scattered throughout the nation, particularly in the southeast, northeast, and California. For the most part, they have given up hopes of returning to Cuba.

By far the largest number of Cubans still live in southern Florida. Many enjoy the life of the "little Cuba" they have created there. Others stay only so they will be near their homeland when "something happens." Jobs are scarce for these people so those who have begun to find their way help relatives and friends who have arrived more recently. This means that housing occupied by Cubans tends to be overcrowded. And eventually a ghetto develops which is inhabited almost exclusively by Cubans and by a few older English-speaking people.

Historical Heritage

One of the worst misconceptions Anglos seem to have about Spanish-Americans is that since they all speak Spanish, they must be all alike. We are not a cohesive group at all. Much of this is due to our geographic distribution, of course. But there are important historical differences of which you should also be aware.

Mexico was a land of high civilization where a succession of cultures had culminated in the Aztec Empire. Its population was relatively dense even before the Spanish conquest. Cuba and Puerto Rico, on the other hand, were rather sparsely populated, mostly with Arawaks, an Indian race whose cultural development had taken the almost exclusive form of stone carvings and whose political organization was rather loose. As a result, the Spanish forcibly subdued, enslaved, and killed the island Indians. In less than a decade the Spaniards—who had not come seeking work—were forced to begin importing slaves from Africa. What few Indians survived physically lost their identities in the mixture of races that ensued, and their cultural inheritance remained little more than a few words which found their way into the Spanish language.

Mexico was not conquered by force but by guile. Hernan Cortes was defeated by the Indians and was forced to use Indian allies in order to enter Tenochtitlan and capture Montezuma. He did not destroy the Aztec Empire and build the viceroyalty of New Spain in its place, but rather he used the captive emperor as a hostage to capture the old political structure, which he only changed gradually and never very completely. So Mexico is much more Indian in its culture than either Cuba or Puerto Rico.

The legends of the origins of the Arawak people in the Caribbean have been forgotten; but the Mexican legends of the exodus of the Toltecs from the north in search of a promised land, which would be marked by a lake, and in the lake a rock, and on the rock a cactus, and on the cactus an eagle eating a snake, survives still on the Mexican flag and in the soul of the nation.

The native art of Cuba and Puerto Rico—its paintings, its music, its wood carvings—bears the stamp of Andalusia and Africa, whence most

of our forefathers came. The native art of Mexico is still the art of a civilization which the Spanish conquest was able to subdue for a time, but never to destroy. The hot food and tortillas which most North Americans identify with Latin America are Indian in origin, and are still typical of Mexico. But the native food of Cuba and Puerto Rico is a slight variation of typical Spanish food with some African influence.

Few Africans were taken to Mexico to serve as slaves. But in Cuba and Puerto Rico the presence of Africa still can be felt. A sizable number of Cubans and Puerto Ricans can boast an African ancestor. And while we got our guitars from Andalusia, our rhythm came from Africa.

On Mexico's high plateaus and deserts where temperatures rise sharply during the day and drop drastically at night, one lives indoors, with his family. On the islands, where the temperature in the evenings is almost always ideal, one lives outdoors. So Puerto Ricans and Cubans are by tradition more open, more gregarious, more noisy than Mexicans—or North Americans, for that matter.

Language Reflects Culture

It is the language and the shared culture of these groups which draw them together as Spanish-Americans —and which most sharply distinguish them from Anglos.

I do not know whether the language has formed the mind or vice versa, but it is true that the Spanish-speaking person, like his language, is open rather than subtle—sometimes to the point of seeming blunt to others.

Spanish-Americans are not ashamed to show emotion—and we are not sure that it is always best to follow our reason over our emotions. It is said that one reason bullfighting is possible is that a bull closes his eyes when he charges, and that cow-fighting would probably be more dangerous since a cow keeps her eyes open. I have never attempted to corroborate the fact, but still most Spanish-Americans would rather charge into a problem like a bull than like a cow. Reason is good, yes; but man is more than a thinking machine.

Because of this, when it comes to religion, a Spanish-American cannot very well understand the religiosity of the man who sits like a stone in a worship service and shouts like a heathen in a baseball game. He finds it hard to believe the sincerity of a man who tells him over a cup of coffee, in such quiet tones that he seems to be ashamed of it, that he believes in Jesus. He figures that if religion makes any difference at all, it must make all the difference in the world. And he would rather seem fanatical or be called a show-off than be led to doubt his own sincerity.

In the Spanish language almost any word order is acceptable in a sentence. Not so in English. This may well have something to do with what to us seems an obsession with order on the part of Anglo-Saxons, and with what to them must seem our love of disorder.

Everything in Spanish has a gender. We see certain things, certain characteristics, certain privileges as typically feminine and some as typically masculine. But such distinctions are not ones of subservience. Man is not above woman. Rather, man and woman are two different creatures, and one just cannot be the other. This is the significance of that *machismo* which has been so much discussed by sociologists and psychologists—not that man is superior, but that he is different and must remain so.

If a man won't help his wife with the dishes, it is not that he considers himself *above* such a job but *apart* from it. If he were to do it, it would be an insult to both himself and his wife. And a woman must not compete with men, not because she would be invading the superior privileges of masculinity but because she would be denying and insulting her own femininity. Quite obviously this traditional pattern cannot subsist in the new environment of modern society, and its breakdown is causing severe disturbances in the fabric of the family.

Our view of sex has religious implications, too. Protestants have often accused Spanish Catholicism of being unduly concerned with Mary, even of worshiping her. What Protestant critics have not understood is that their own message has often cancelled the positive feminine traits which Spanish Catholicism has placed in the Virgin. The God of traditional German-Anglo-Saxon Protestantism has often been little more than a mellowed version of Thor. Even Luther's *Deus pro-me* was the overwhelming discovery that somehow Thor, with all his might and his thunder, had forgiven him. God was always the loving enemy, as psychology has since showed that a father often is to his son.

Such a God is obviously incomplete. Certain Protestant traditions have attempted to solve this problem by placing the loving Jesus vis-a-vis the judging Father. This has resulted in an effeminate Jesus. Such a notion is abhorrent to the Spanish mind. Give me the suffering, bleeding Jesus on the cross. Or give me the all-powerful Jesus *pantokrator*. Or the Jesus who drinks with his disciples. But no delicate Jesus whose eyes are

turned to heaven like Juliet would look at Romeo!

The Virgin cannot simply be abolished. There must be a place in the Spanish God for the feminine. I suspect one reason for the phenomenal growth of Pentecostalism among Spanish-Americans is that the Holy Spirit plays a motherly role in Pentecostal piety. It is the Holy Spirit who gathers the believer to its bosom and rocks him to ecstatic oblivion of all his wants and his cares. Although it is God the Father that provides all things in creation, it is the Holy Spirit that somehow turns this into spiritual nourishment for the faithful.

Incidentally, there is a long tradition from Elkesai in the second century to Berdyaev in the twentieth, which ascribes femininity to the Holy Spirit. And in the Spanish tradition the dove is not only a symbol of the Holy Ghost but also of unspoiled feminine innocence.

The Spanish language and culture is deeply aware of the great ifs of life. There is nothing of which we can be certain. A Spanish-speaking person, even one who can hardly be called devout, will say, "I'll be there tomorrow if God wills it," or "through the possible intervening action of God." That is why a Spanish-American may seem indolent to the activist, optimistic, Anglo-American. He is willing to work, yes. But he is not willing to put too much store on his own effort, lest he be disappointed. Today is important, but no matter how great our present effort, *mañana* is still an open question.

Mañana, with its unpredictability, has a liberating power which is difficult for the self-assured Anglo to understand. *Mañana* is not only the excuse of the lazy, it is also the hope and the comfort of the downtrodden. Even if *mañana* brings no change in my present condition, at least today's hurts will no longer be so painful. *Mañana* has kept the pressures of today from robbing me of the joy of living!

Our subjunctive view of life also shapes our religion. While the most common sin of Anglo-Saxon Christianity has been activism, the most common sin of Spanish Christianity has been quietism. The only thing that allowed Spain to produce such active Christians as Ignatius of Loyola and Theresa of Avila was an overwhelming sense of authority which for these believers cancelled the ifs of life. Other great Spanish Christians—Antonio Montesinos, Pedro Claver—were moved by the challenge of immediacy. They moved to correct injustices, not with far-reaching plans full of ifs but with a concentration on their own particular concern which often made them blind to other implications of their actions.

The same is true about Latin revolutionary attitudes. A Latin revolutionary will not take it upon himself to conceive a plan for long-range action which will eventually bring forth a more just order. He rather places his faith in the blueprint of another—and it is significant that Latin America has produced many revolutionaries, but not a single significant Utopia—or he simply decides, out of the challenge of immediacy, that a certain condition must be changed—not changed into something, mind you, but simply changed.

In English you say "to be" whether you wish to refer to the very being of God or to the state of being drunk. We have two verbs for "to be" in Spanish, to distinguish the permanent from the transitory. Cultures which do not make such a distinction seem to us the epitome of confusion. They place permanent value on the transitory so that a man's being depends on what he has. And they seem to take the permanent as if it were transitory, so that there is little difference between a church and a club. By so doing, they seem to be deprived of both the free enjoyment of the transitory and the firm assurance of the permanent.

Now look at it from our point of view. There are not really two orders of "being," but two realities as distinct from each other as apples and oranges. They are not engaged in constant warfare against each other for the value conferred to one does not diminish the value of the other.

So we see no tension between "secular" and "religious." The genius of Spanish Roman Catholicism, for example, has been that it is *fiesta* Christianity. It is not gloomy or somber. It spills out of the dark churches into the colorful *procesion,* the day of the *santo patron* of a town, and a thousand other events. Traditional Roman Catholicism in the Spanish world is secular, not in the sense that it is not religious but in the sense that the distinction between the secular and the religious tends to be effaced.

This has been one of the main hindrances in the growth of traditional Protestantism in the Spanish world. It is too somber. It is too religious. It cannot rejoice in the world and enjoy it. The solution is not to become secularized. The solution within our context is for it to become religiously secular, and secularly religious.

And What of Tomorrow?

Spanish-Americans are a people of *mañana.* (That means "tomorrow" as is well known. But it also means "morning" and, in everyday usage, "dawn.") We are a people of *mañana* because we have confidence that our *mañana,* our new dawn, has come.

The ideal of many a Spanish-American some years back was to be accepted by Anglo-Americans as one of their number. This is no longer his ideal. From the black man's struggles, and from his own traditional sense of self-esteem, the Spanish-American now wants to be accepted as different, and appreciated precisely because he is different. And he does not wish to be accepted out of the kindness of Anglo society but out of the need which that society has for him. This does not mean that kindness will not be appreciated; but as long as kindness is necessary to accept a fellowman, there is still a hidden feeling of superiority.

Mañana is today. Our new dawn has come. And we claim our place under the sun. This is what Cesar Chavez and his followers are saying through their boycotts; this is what Reyes Lopez Tijerina is saying through his legal action to recover lands in New Mexico and Colorado; this is what Herman Badillo is saying when he campaigns for mayor in the Bronx of New York City; and this may even be what quarterback Joe Kapp says every time he calls a football play! □

How Do You Pray for a Miracle?

By MARYBELLE H. LANDRUM

OUR SON has been sick for five years, more than half his life. He has a rare, incurable disease with a long, almost unspellable name. Although the doctors confess little knowledge of the disease and its treatment, we thought they were doing their best with X-ray therapy and drugs.

Our hopes fell last spring when the pediatrician issued a somber warning: "No more X rays—his Roentgen count has reached the danger point. No more drugs—the side effects are too damaging."

At that point I resolved to pray for a miracle. But having decided, I wondered how to begin. How do you pray for a miracle? Even more difficult, how do you find out how to pray for a miracle? One way, I decided, was simply to pray, and another was to find all available material on the subject.

Caught up in my new research, I sought out books on modern miracles and spiritual healing. The results were dissatisfying. While interest in faith healing has grown since World War II, most people of the mid-20th century do not find this approach comfortable. I distrust those "faith healers" who make public exhibitions—and much money—from their professed healing powers. Instead I believe fervently in the healing grace of the Holy Spirit as many of my favorite authors do. C. S. Lewis believed his wife was miraculously healed of cancer. Pope Pius XII beheld Jesus standing by his bed one night and subsequently recovered from what doctors thought was to be his last illness. Many others, less eminent, witness to the healing power of God. Still, the pilgrimage to Lourdes was not for me.

I applied the trial and error method to my prayers:

Lord, you know how we have asked your help before during these long years of Steven's illness. You know how we have thanked you for and are constantly grateful for the doctors he has had, the kind nurses, the medicines which have relieved his pain and helped to alleviate his condition. We are eternally grateful for the loving concern and constant prayers of our friends and of the church, which have sustained us.

No, that wasn't the way. All that was important, a necessary part of prayers of thanksgiving, but it was too long. It is silly to recite to God what he already knows. Surely God knows all about Steven.

Lord, if you will cure Steven of his disease, I will . . .

Will what? That try came to a halt almost before it began. I know I cannot bargain with God. Even if I could, I have precious little bargaining material. I could promise to be a better wife and mother, but since that has been one of my unchanging daily prayers for the last ten years, it seems a hollow promise! Vices (giving them up, that is) might be good bargaining material, but fortunately (or in this case, unfortunately) mine are relatively harmless, I hope. Married to a United Methodist minister, I do not smoke, drink alcoholic beverages, take addictive drugs, or gamble. Let me hasten to add that the list would be the same if I were an atheist married to a plumber.

I cannot reward God with a beautiful new church or devote my life to him in a convent (both popular responses to answered prayers at certain periods in history). In the first case, I do not have the financial resources and in the second, I fear my husband and three children would suffer. Obviously a prayer beginning "If . . ." is not headed in the right direction.

Lord, make Steven well. Lord, send us a miracle: make Steven well.

There, that seems right. The simplest way as usual is best.

I shut the door on that self which had never before asked for a miracle and prayed: "Lord, hear my prayer, make Steven well!"

I still had many questions, many doubts. Was it wrong to pray for a miracle? Surely not. Jesus made many petitionary prayers and was ever ready to heal those who asked. Satisfied now as to the form of the prayer, I plunged with renewed vigor into my research on modern miracles and found . . . not very much.

Then, coincidentally (or was it?), someone asked me to return a book on prayer to the church library. I opened it and was immediately engrossed. This was what I was searching for—not a miracle, but prayer! I had led myself astray by concentrating on the wrong word of the original question. I needed a deeper understanding of prayer, not of miracles.

A small miracle was wrought then within myself, almost too subtle to describe. How can I explain that after praying sincerely for many years I suddenly *believed* in prayer? After knowing the action of the Holy Spirit in our lives, I was made aware of the power of the Holy Spirit. After praying daily for others, I was filled now with a love and peace which overflowed into intercessory prayer.

After many months of searching, questioning, and thinking, the words remain the same: "Lord, make Steven well." But the prayer is very different.

Steven is better now than he has been for many months. He is on new medication which may be producing the change. He may be outgrowing the disease. Even the doctors cannot say for sure. We say, "Thank you, Lord. Amen." □

This postcard view looks down on Grenada's harbor at St. George's, one of the Caribbean's most picturesque cities.

In the Sunny Caribbean . . .

Islands of Beauty -- and Despair

By **George Daniels** as told to **H. B. Teeter**
Photographs by **Toge Fujihira**

Paint that wide sandy beach pink or white. Color the sea indigo or blue-green. Place a full moon over palm fronds and follow its shimmering wake into fairyland. Loll in shade or golden sunlight; dive down among coral reefs and watch rainbows of tropical fish dart through the deep. Let the tempo of the Caribbean islands slow your pulse and drive your cares away.

Advertising copy writers, staring out through New York's grimy haze, long ago used up all the superlatives available in describing the exotic islands of the West Indies. I came back with a few superlatives of my own after a 33-day, 6,000-mile tour of the Caribbean with our Board of Missions photographer, Toge Fujihira.

But our purpose was not to immerse ourselves in beauty. We wanted to lift that exotic curtain of sun, sand, and sea to look at the problems of the Caribbean people who, in surprising numbers, would like to escape from what the sun-starved tourist often visualizes as a near-paradise.

Most of our study was concentrated on the islands of Antigua, Anguilla, Barbados, Grenada, Trinidad, Jamaica, and one country on the South American mainland, Guyana. Generally speaking, the social and economic problems of any one of these will apply in varying degrees to the others. And the church has a major role to play if these problems are to be solved.

A large share of this responsibility rests on the Methodist Church in the Caribbean and the Americas, now independent of British Methodism.

Take Antigua, an island of 108 square miles and some 71,000 people, embraced by the Caribbean Sea on one side and the Atlantic Ocean on the other. As expected, there's plenty of sand, sea, sun—and legalized gambling. Plush hotels glitter and sparkle, offering comfort, leisure, and pleasure. But beyond this pretty facade lurk poverty, unemployment, illiteracy, and, believe it or not, a population explosion.

Almost half the young people of Antigua, about 60 percent of the population, are without work. Since they

The Nathaniel Gilbert home on Antigua, birthplace of Caribbean Methodism, is a virtual ruin which would cost $80,000 to repair. One century-old church still in use is a shambles with gaping holes in the floor, but there is no money for rebuilding.

This imposing structure dominates a market place in Guyana on the coast of South America. Although not an island, Guyana is related closely to Methodism in the Caribbean.

have nothing to do, they stand around doing exactly that —except, perhaps, getting into trouble.

Delinquency, I found, is growing rapidly in every city, town, and hamlet. This is also true, of course, in the United States and other larger nations, but the more affluent countries have the money and power to attempt solutions. The Caribbean islands lack almost every resource and are getting little outside help.

Methodists, in particular, should be deeply concerned about the problems of Antigua, where Methodism got its foothold in the New World in 1785. Now the independent Methodist Church in the Caribbean and the Americas (MCCA) includes the Bahamas, Guyana, Haiti, Honduras, Jamaica, Leeward Islands, Panama, and Costa Rica,[1] and the South Caribbean. There are 622 churches with a combined total of around 68,000 communicants and 300,000 adherents served by 159 ministers, 22 deaconesses, 1,536 local preachers, and 5,731 class leaders.

The Rev. Donald Henry, superintendent of the work in Antigua and more than a dozen other islands, pointed out that the home of Nathaniel Gilbert, which deserves status as a true Methodist shrine, is practically a ruin.

Gilbert was a white slaveowner who, with two of his slaves, was converted by John Wesley in England in 1785. When they returned to Antigua, Gilbert began preaching to his friends and the slaves who gathered in his courtyard. He built a church which remains in fair condition.

Throughout the Caribbean, a dozen or more Christian denominations are struggling to do what they can with the little they have. Anglicans, Moravians, Roman Catholics, Seventh-Day Adventists, Jehovah's Witnesses, and Pentecostals join the Methodists in reporting little success. Sister churches outside the Caribbean have yet to respond with more than token assistance.

Plans are underway, however, to form a regional ecumenical conference for social and economic development in the Caribbean. But forming such a body is difficult because of the different languages involved and the geographical separation of the islands.

"We are a melting pot of races and cultures," says the Rev. Philip A. Potter, who has been a major influence in promoting the concept. "And we are different from other 'third world' areas in that our churches are older, some of them established before the North American churches."

Anguilla, a small, dry island somewhat off the tourists' path, is a case in point. Formerly a British colony, Anguilla has only 6,000 people and only one commodity to export—salt. It has no electricity, no telephones, no telegraph service. Methodists and Anglicans have divided

[1] Plans are proceeding for the Panama and Costa Rica District of the MCCA to become autonomous by the end of 1972 and then to enter into an autonomous union with the present Panama and Costa Rica Provisional Annual Conferences of The United Methodist Church.—Your Editors

the island between themselves, rarely get together. Methodists have four churches, 972 members, and a community of about 2,000.

Social concerns rank high in Barbados, Trinidad, and Guyana; on Anguilla, the need for recreation and community facilities can't be overemphasized. Although hospitals have been built, schools opened, and agricultural programs initiated, such "frivolous" items as swings, volleyballs, bats, basketballs, and baseballs are vital to the growth of healthy humans and keep idle youth busy. Also, the potential for work among girls and women on Anguilla—left behind by men who migrate to other islands in search of employment—is tailor-made for U.S. church women who usually raise most of the money for charitable causes.

Far to the south, strung out like a necklace, are the Grenadines—islands of such beauty and appeal that the advertising copy writers easily maintain integrity when describing "soaring peaks and green-clad heights . . . coral atolls, reefs, and blue lagoons studded with wrecks and teeming with fish . . . forgotten forts, romantic ruins, the best swimming and snorkeling . . ."

I mentioned earlier that Antigua, an island of some 71,000 people, has a population explosion. It's there because population growth continues unabated in the face of scant resources, poverty, and apparent hopeless-

An Anglican priest stops to talk with a woman on a Barbados street. On most islands the ecumenical spirit is more than a fact of life—it is a necessity if the churches are to help solve the Caribbean's social and economic woes.

Trinidad, at the southern end of the Caribbean stepping stones, is big, populous, and cosmopolitan, the home of calypso. Methodist visitors from the U.S. are surprised, however, to find mosques like the one above which have been built by the descendants of people who migrated years ago from India.

ness. In the past 30 years Antigua's population has increased 80 percent.

Meanwhile, 14 and 15-year-old girls, who barely know how to take care of themselves, are having children they know nothing about rearing; old people, left alone and almost forgotten, have no place to go; economic development still benefits islanders less and outside interests more.

Such conditions should be particularly embarrassing to American Methodists, not only those of the predominately white United Methodist Church, but those in the black Methodist denominations as well. Most people in the Caribbean area are the descendants of slaves freed more than a century ago.

On Barbados, with three Methodist Circuits and 5,000 members, one finds a widening breach between liberals and conservatives, ministers and laymen, who have been at each other's throats for years. As a result, both styles of ministry are suffering when both could and should be flourishing. There is a need for both traditionalism and social action, liberalism and conservatism. The question is: how does one bring about cooperation between them, or at least help them to develop mutual respect?

Yet, among young and old alike, the church on Jamaica, for example, still has deep significance in the lives of people. For most, the church is central; they still listen to it and even government officials find their tasks easier because the church is doing many of the things the government would like to do but lacks the resources to attempt. Were churches not involved in massive education and medical schemes, conditions in most Caribbean islands would be even less tolerable for the poor.

Whatever improvement is in sight will take a long time to arrive. Meanwhile, the Methodists are concerned about such things as better housing and consolidating the labor movement. They see the need for more involvement in the social area, but can't realistically see how their church can meet this concern without doing so at the expense of other responsibilities.

That's the agonizing conflict. Can the Methodist Church in the islands have both traditionalism and social action,

In contrast to the mosque on the opposite page is this Methodist church on Trinidad where work on a community center has stopped for lack of funds. Unlike poverty-ridden Trinidad, the sister island of Tobago has top beaches and facilities required for a major tourist attraction.

or must it sacrifice one for the other? If so, what is to be discarded?

The Rev. Hugh Sherlock, president of the MCCA, sees the need for both. He doesn't believe that in order for one to exist, the other must die of neglect.

"We are working on different levels of progress and achievement," Dr. Sherlock says, "and we have to go the pace of the particular place. There may be some more sophisticated places that are ready for new structuring and programming. If so, fine. But we don't want to impose that on a people who still need the church as we know the church. . ."

What concerns the liberal Christian pastor, however, is the Caribbean area's need to combat growing classism (as opposed to racism), to promote agricultural programs, to raise educational standards, to increase and improve medical facilities and communications.

Behind the great beauty of the Caribbean, as in the rest of the developing world, one finds an intense quest for social and economic improvement. If the islands are to keep—or call back—their educated elite, there must be enough economic wealth and development to provide a satisfactory standard of living.

Like so many others, I am concerned about the future of this fabled tourist mecca at our doorstep. It cannot, should not, be required to exist almost totally on tourism. The islands of the Caribbean, wondrous as they are in spite of their shortcomings, must be industrially and socially developed to meet the mushrooming needs of the people who inhabit them. Too often, however, these people have seen their natural and human resources exploited by outsiders who have profited immensely while they and their islands have benefited little.

For them, as for most developing nations, control of their own natural and human resources will be of paramount concern for years to come. □

Heaven Help the Nonworking Wife

BY MARCELLA SIEGEL

I USED to have a favorite dream while raising my four children. During those years when at least one preschooler was constantly underfoot, privacy meant only a quick shower and free time was a hurriedly read magazine.

I dreamed of the day when our last child would enter

school and I could luxuriate in a deep, lilac-scented bath, savor a glass of iced coffee, and devote myself to Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment*.

Little did I know that when the great day arrived, 8 out of 10 women on my street would be working, leaving the few "ladies of leisure" to carry the community ball.

The first hint of this truth came on the night our third-grader returned from a Camp Fire Girls meeting and announced, "Mrs. Dunn can't be our leader any more because she's taken a job, and none of the other mothers can either. And I said you'd be real good. Please, Mom!"

I protested. I wasn't the outdoor type. I had never camped out in my life, snakes terrified me, and I couldn't identify poison ivy.

But what could I do in the face of my daughter's enthusiastic and blind faith in her mother's abilities? I took the nine-week training course. I learned to identify 83 different trees, 17 snakes, and 59 wild flowers. I learned to write in Indian sign language and to bake biscuits without an oven.

From then on, Tuesday afternoons at our house were littered with felt and sequins and plaster of paris and glue and Coke bottles and autumn leaves and shellac and cookie crumbs. Seldom did all 12 giggly girls leave at the end of a meeting. Inevitably one of their working mothers called to say she had been detained at the office and would I mind keeping her daughter until six. Tuesday nights our family ate canned hash, canned peas, and canned pears.

During weekend camp-outs we cooked greasy hobo stews, sang around campfires that kept going out, shivered in sleeping bags, and listened to night noises which I weakly assured everyone were "only owls." I was too tired to care what my family was eating at home.

When our elementary school PTA suffered casualties in its ranks, the carnival chairman called. Could I help out in two different booths this year and bake a cake besides? She hated to ask, but fewer and fewer mothers were available these days!

One day at a meeting of Camp Fire Girl leaders I inadvertently mentioned my college journalism major. A few days later the district office called. The mother who had been writing a column of Camp Fire chitchat for our local paper had decided to go back to a full-time job, and they had thought of me to do the column. While it wasn't quite the way I had once hoped to fulfill my literary aspirations, it did carry a by-line.

It seemed uncanny that about this same time our church-bulletin editor decided to return to her former job. "We thought you might help us out," the minister said gently. So that meant a few afternoons of telephoning church members for news items, and another afternoon thumping them out on my old typewriter and running off the bulletin on an ancient mimeograph machine.

This wholesale exodus from kitchen to office apparently doen't confine itself to our part of the country. I received a letter from the alumnae secretary of my alma mater 2,000 miles away. She wrote that many alumnae were returning to their jobs, causing a scarcity of workers for the annual fund campaign. Would I serve as fund chairman this year? It would involve only writing some notes to former classmates, urging them to contribute, but the personal touch was so important and she knew that I, being home, would have the time.

This was a difficult assignment to tackle. After 15 years I wasn't sure, for instance, if Eudora Sproul Brentwood still wanted to be addressed by her old college nickname. Gingerly, I plunged into my job. "Dear Pookie," I wrote, "it's been a long time since we've been in touch, but I'm writing to urge that you make this check generous . . ."

I wouldn't want to imply that all my days are devoted to outside activities. There are plenty of days like today.

After kissing my husband off to work this morning, I watched my last child disappear around the corner to school. Fortified with a tall glass of iced coffee, plus *Crime and Punishment*, I headed for the bathroom to prepare a luscious lilac bath. Sinking into its scented depths, I opened the book determined that once and for all I would fathom the intricacies of the Russian surname, given name, nickname, and pet name. I might actually get into the plot.

The doorbell rang sharply through my fathoming. At first I was tempted not to answer. But then it could be a child in distress in need of his block parent. Our living-room window displayed a large yellow poster with a black hand signfying to any school-bound child that, bitten by a dog, beaten by a bully, or approached by a stranger, he should ring my doorbell immediately.

I rose from my bath, gathered my robe about me, and dripped to the front door. Opening it just a crack, I looked for a small, unhappy face. Instead, I met the eyes of a short man in a long jacket, with a clipboard and a Scotland Yard expression. "Investigator," he said. "Insurance." "Oh?" I replied, huddling my cold, wet form into my robe.

He eyed me suspiciously. I suppose there *is* something suspect about a busy, modern housewife wearing her bathrobe at nine thirty in the morning.

"I'd like to ask a few questions," he said. He leaned against the screen door, speaking in a husky, confidential tone. "How well do you know your neighbor, Mr. M?"

"Well," I hesitated, "I see him going to work every day."

"Does he drive like a maniac?" my questioner asked.

"Oh no," I said. "Quite slowly."

"Is he an exceptionally slow driver—a menace on the road?"

Now I was completely confused as to how I could give Mr. M a good testimonial. "I'd say," I stammered, "that he's a kind . . . of . . . swift slow."

He leaned a little closer, and his tone was even more confidential. "How much would you say he drinks?"

"Oh," I said, "I don't know him *that* well."

He snapped his notes onto his clipboard. "Thank you," he said. "Since you seem to be the only woman at home on this block, I wonder if I might call on you from time to time for bits of information."

Dripping back to the bathroom, I felt a little like Mata Hari. A passing glimpse into the medicine-cabinet mirror told me I more closely resembled Phyllis Diller.

I returned to my bath. The bubbles had subsided, but I didn't care. Somewhere far off the phone was ringing; again I didn't care. I had made a decision. Tomorrow I would visit the local newspaper and apply for a job.

It would not be to augment the family income. Nor to solve an identity crisis. Nor even to realize at last a journalistic ambition. It would be just to get a little peace and quiet. □

Kenneth L. Dickson...

Environmental 'Detective' At Home in Brigadoon

Text by **John A. Lovelace** / Pictures by **George P. Miller**

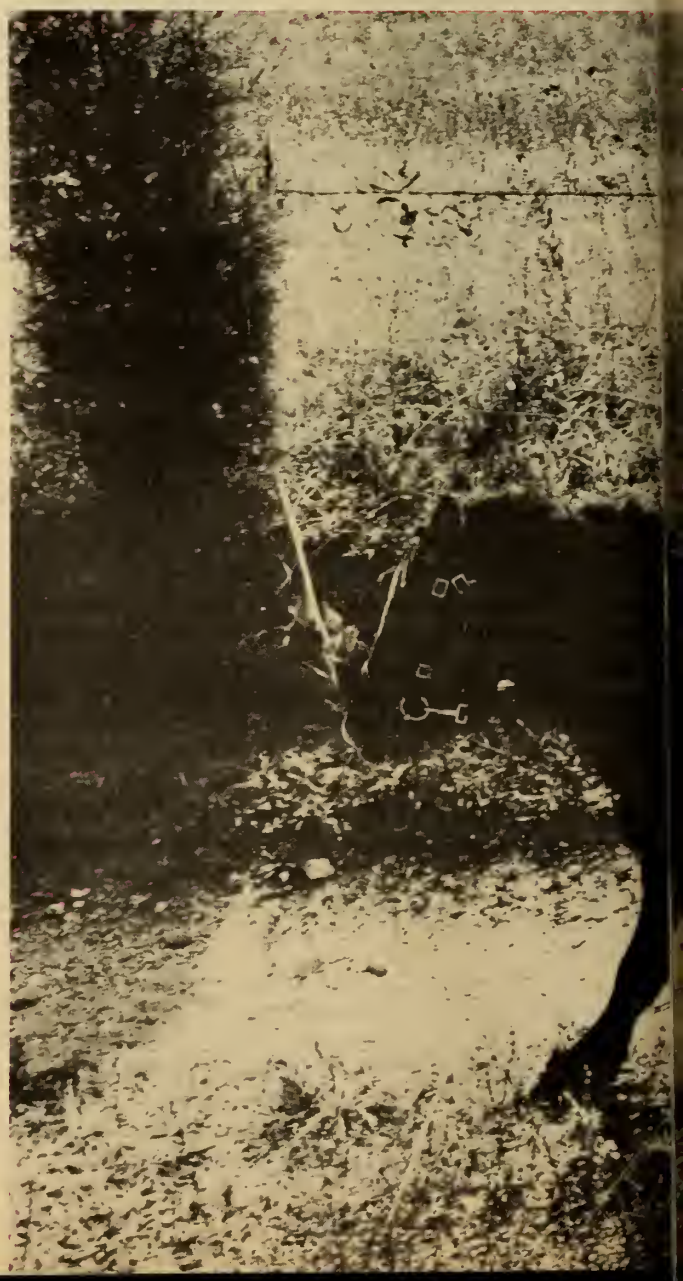
The mist of May is in the gloaming
And all the clouds are holding still
So take my hand and let's go roaming
Through the heather on the hill.
—Brigadoon[1]

IN THE CHANGEOVER seasons of autumn and spring, morning mists rise reluctantly off the foothills of the Appalachian Mountains around Blacksburg, Virginia.

"Why, it's almost like Brigadoon," exclaimed one visitor to the home of Kenneth and Eva Dickson. The young couple smiled, nodded in mild embarrassment that they had never thought of it that way, and stepped hand in hand out of their ancient, red, clapboard farmhouse into the mists.

But the urgent nowness of Ken's work as an environmental researcher convinces one that Blacksburg is a long way from the mythical Brigadoon of the theatrical stage.

Ken is a specialist in tiny organisms which live—or die—on the bottoms of rivers and streams. If pollution is



The only command Shorty, the pony, needs is a moderate "Let's go, fella," and the Dickson family is away and flying. Ken lets Chad, four, help hold the reins while Eva and year-old Kelly allow the gently racing breeze to flow over them.

[1] *Excerpt from the song* The Heather on the Hill *from the musical show* Brigadoon. *Lyric by Alan Jay Lerner; music by Frederick Loewe. Copyright © 1947 by Alan Jay Lerner & Frederick Loewe. World rights assigned to Chappell & Co., Inc. World rights assigned to and controlled by Sam Fox Publishing Co., Inc., New York, N.Y. Used by special permission.*
—Your Editors

killing a stream, he can tell why and can recommend changes. Better, if a new use is planned for a stream—if, for example, a nuclear power plant is to be built and its resultant thermal (hot water) discharge is to be dumped into living waters—Ken can predict in advance how much stress the stream and its living things can withstand.

But this come-alive morning is a festive time for the Dicksons. Ken, square-shouldered and fullback-sized, looks like Glen Campbell without a guitar. Eva looks like the cute, button-nosed girl next door who grew up to become a mommy. And she is mommy to bumptious, impulsive, four-year-old Chad and to cuddly, inquisitive, one-year-old Kelly.

It's time for a ride in the pony cart. Shorty, the seven-year-old Welsh and Shetland pony, waits docilely while Ken and Chad complete the harnessing. (Says father to son when things get a bit fouled up, "We've got to fix that harness, old buddy." Chad, cowboy-booted and Western-hatted, nods in agreement.)

Minutes later the joyful family, framed in the photographer's sights, flashes down the dirt lane between their rented house and the paved rural road. Six miles away by the winding, narrow paved road is Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University (VPISU), Ken's professional home. There he is assistant professor of biology and assistant director of the Center for Environmental Studies. Later, for his visitors, he will describe his work as "kind of like a detective story. If something is wrong with a body of water, we have to find out what it is and recommend changes."

Now the pony-cart ride is over, and nothing is more important than getting Shorty out of harness and back into his pasture. The mists continue to lift under the nudge of a warming sun.

This is an unlikely location for a young (28) Ph.D. in the beginning years of a promising career as an aquatic biologist. It's a remarkable mate he has, too, for Eva, inside now proffering spoonfuls of food toward Kelly's welcoming mouth, earned her own master's degree in English while helping support Ken toward his doctorate. Perhaps most remarkable of all, they grew up in a flat, dry-land section of West Texas where an aquatic biologist

would be about as handy as a bum-legged quarterhorse.

Ken and Eva are from Jacksboro, Texas, seat of a ranching county with a population of about 3,500. On their first date, when Ken was 17 and Eva 14, they went to a Methodist Youth Fellowship district meeting. "I shouldn't complain now," Ken says impishly. "I raised her." It's not the only instance of good-natured joshing one observes between this easy, open couple.

When Ken enrolled at North Texas State University in 1962, his sights were not on aquatic biology. But when he needed work and got a job washing bottles in the NTSU biology department, the department head—Dr. J. K. G. Silvey—became the first of two major career influences upon him. Dr. Silvey steered Ken toward a major in biology, and a federal grant helped finance Ken's work on a master's degree.

For doctoral study, though, Dr. Silvey advised that Ken go elsewhere. Like others at this juncture, Ken faced the choice of where to go: choose the man or choose the school. With Dr. Silvey's help through a personal introduction, Ken chose the man: Dr. John Cairns.

Lanky, angular, with disarrayed graying hair and hard-fixed eyes, Dr. Cairns was then at the University of Kansas. But by the time he and Ken settled their mentor-protégé relationship, Dr. Cairns had become research professor and director of VPISU's new Center for Environmental Studies, a prestigious location for one of the nation's preeminent authorities on water resources.

Nothing for Ken and Eva and then-baby Chad to do, naturally, but follow Dr. Cairns to Virginia. And it was awe at first sight as they drove their tiring 1962 Chevrolet onto the spacious, rolling, stony campus. "I never saw so many trees or so much water," Ken declares, but the very presence of all that water confirmed that this was indeed the place to pursue aquatic biology.

As Dr. Cairns tells it now, "By the end of Ken's first academic year I suspected that this was a young man with an extremely bright future. After two years I knew it for sure."

Ken tells it somewhat more modestly. "John [Cairns] came here and four of us came to work on our doctorates under him. Among us, in that first year, we wrote 20 proposals for grants. Six or seven of our proposals were funded, and we were under way."

Therein lies the path to survival in the world of environmental research. VPISU, other schools, and private research agencies submit bids and proposals for work to be financed by federal and state agencies, by trade asso-

he field or in the laboratory Ken is equally at home. With tweezers a rock freshly netted from a nearby stream, he looks for bottom fauna organisms etermine the health of the stream and its inhabitants. In the laboratory can be subjected to sublethal doses of chemicals, light variations, or temperature ges to learn how much stress a stream or its inhabitants can tolerate.

A mother has to expect that a four-year-old boy will need plenty of attention and help like getting into a hooded jacket before going outside. Eva sets aside two hours a day—one in the morning, another in the afternoon—just for herself and the two children.

ciations, or by individual industries. Ken's doctoral studies, for example, were financed in part by a grant from the Manufacturers Chemical Association. Competition for research grants is fierce.

"It is our job," says Ken, "to predict the probable physical and chemical changes that will occur when an additional stress such as a new industrial plant is placed upon a stream. Rivers vary in productivity. Some can handle more effluent than others without harm."

The veteran director and his young associate share this philosophy about rivers or lakes: Each is a natural resource and should be used. But each has its natural capacity for waste disposal. No stream should be overworked, and all the societal factors—environmental as well as transportation, recreation, and political—have to be considered.

Ken says he can usually spend five minutes in any stream and get a good idea of its problems and what, if anything, is polluting it. To prove his claim he loaded his visitors and his gear into the family station wagon and headed up into the Appalachians. The VPISU biology department has permission to use a stream on a private campground there as a living laboratory.

His gear is minimal—a pair of gallus-suspended, waist-high waders; a close-woven, two-foot-wide net on a six-foot pole; a small, rectangular enamel pan; and a pair of tweezers of the common bathroom-cabinet variety.

At the point where Ken stops, Sinking Creek flows easily and cleanly. Ken steps familiarly into it, bottom net held firmly in both hands. At about midstream, with the flow about ankle deep, he begins dislodging football-sized rocks with his feet. He also kicks into the gravelly bottom and scrapes both feet back and forth until the stream is momentarily murky.

Down goes the net, catching particles which Ken has dislodged. Decaying leaves, softball-sized rocks, and living things ride the current into his net.

Now he is wading out. Elapsed time: less than five minutes.

"There's a lot of good stuff here," he assures, dumping the contents of his bottom net into the enamel pan.

Tweezers in one hand, a fist-sized rock in the other, he begins pulling bottom fauna (fish-food organisms) off the rock. You almost feel he could call each creature by its nickname.

Crawly, multilegged things, mostly. There's one flat object looking like a turtle viewed through the wrong end of a telescope. Ken notes that a lot of evolutionary adaptations can be observed in bottom fauna, and this observation will come back to you later when he speaks of his religious beliefs as they apply to his profession.

In less than 15 minutes he has identified every object visible to the naked eye. "All of this is at the macro-organism level," he reminds. "There's a whole micro system out there as dynamic as this one." And the way he punches the word "dynamic" seems to sum up his feeling toward his work.

Research is Ken's principal professional pursuit. Departmental administration with Dr. Cairns also takes a large chunk of time. But Ken and Eva are obviously beginning to enjoy living free of the pressures of degree-seeking.

About their house in the misty hills, Eva says, "A lot of our city friends"—Blacksburg's population is 10,000—"just can't understand why we moved out here." But a visitor learns of canned green beans and tomatoes, six bushels of frozen peaches, 200 ears of frozen corn, all out of their garden, and he begins to understand. Or one could watch as the family, Kelly in her pack on Ken's back, the others on foot, hikes off across the hill or down the lane to Price's Fork community, a few houses and one store.

Eva cherishes her aloneness with the children while Ken is at work. "I set aside two hours a day, 11 to 12 and 4 to 5, just for the children. I used to try to work them into my day, but I found that they never got worked in." Ken comes home for lunch, so the entire family has those additional minutes together.

The religion in which Ken and Eva grew up together remains important in their lives. During their short time in Blacksburg they have helped organize a church young couples' class. They are also youth-fellowship sponsors, and both are active in the Blacksburg chapter of Fish, the international volunteer emergency-help organization.

"There's no conflict in my mind between the historical teachings of the church and my life as a biologist," says Ken. "Throughout my work I can see the organization and the functioning of life, and I don't believe that this could be just a disorganized phenomenon that happened without direction."

Ken accepts that the church has traditionally been a supporter rather than an initiator in his field of environmental research. But that does not bother him because in his life the two go hand in hand. Or, better than that, the best of both church and research seem to be packaged in an affable Texan-Virginian named Ken Dickson. □

"The best investment we ever made," says Eva of Shorty, the pony. Some mornings Chad will get up, put on his clothes, and say, "I think I'll go talk to Shorty." His grandparents back in Texas see to it that he has cowboy boots and hat to go with his closest confidant.

The New Earth

For the end of the world was long ago
And all we dwell today
As children of some second birth,
Like a strange people left on earth
After a judgment day.

—G. K. Chesterton
The Ballad of the White Horse

By G. RUSSELL OAKS
Pastor, First United Methodist Church
Watsonville, California

"FOR THE END of the world was long ago." Something over 1,900 years, to be exact, when a man was nailed to a cross and left to die. He was sealed in a tomb so that no more remembrance of him should remain. It was the last great trial between good and evil. It was the final contest after centuries of litigation between our affection for comfort and the affliction of our consciences.

That trial began in the courts of mighty men whose autocratic restrictions left them with a bureaucratic paralysis. Those men, hungering for power, were filled with rivalry. Their ambition excused their cutthroat competition. These were men who, thirsting for power, were powerless to dip a cup of water for a thirsty invalid, or to save a moment for a penniless widow or loveless child.

Those cruel men, in whose court the trial of Christ occurred, believed that they were justified by the facts of life. They believed that history was on their side. They believed that they were vindicated by the nature of the animal kingdom where dog eats dog.

The one lone man to challenge all this was on trial in their courts. He was nailed to their instrument and hung on their hill. He was buried in their tomb.

The One who said that children are important was not to have children of his own. The One who said, "Love your enemies," demonstrated those words while looking upon his tormenters from a cross. The Man who said, "God is love," and, "Love is of God," encountered the final argument of hatred—which is death.

According to all precedence, the trial was completed. The jury dismissed itself as the disciples packed their bags for home. The curious public turned to other concerns awaiting the next wandering prophet to bring some new innovation to their daily boredom.

Everyone was content to concede that the violence of power had proven its validity, content to concede that vicious malice had once more proven superior.

But the Judge, who had presided over the very creation, was still on the bench. For most of the jury the verdict seemed a foregone conclusion. "Goodness loses!" And they all rudely turned to leave the court when the final Lord of history clapped his gavel upon the desk of time and spoke his verdict: "The innocent is victor."

And that turned everything upside down. The accused who had already been dead and buried was exonerated. The great trial was then concluded. The way of truth and life was set free with certitude.

That was the judgment day! And the verdict? "Christ is Lord!" His gentleness, his integrity, his concerns are the tide of history. That's the judgment of Resurrection day.

And how we have tried to appeal that judgment all these years since. Diligently we attempt to open the trial again, pleading some new evidence in human behavior. Can some new theory perhaps prove that Christ was misinformed? Can we perhaps concede that Herod was just some poor victim of circumstance? How we are tempted to reverse the judgment in order to enjoy some old prejudice or comfortable habit.

We attempt to alter the final judgment by appealing to a higher court. Perhaps the philosophers can show us some new good. Perhaps the theologians will find some greater god. But in all that we fail also. For there is no higher court than that of the Father who exonerated our Lord.

We appeal the great and final judgment pleading that perhaps there are some changes in the law of nature. Perhaps we may be excused our viciousness in consideration of the conditions that surround us. Perhaps our neighbor's merciless competition excuses our cruelty.

We would like to appeal the final judgment, pleading new evidence in changing times. But God's judgment stands. All wars were judged when the Prince of Peace rose from the grave that had been intended as his everlasting prison. All our plundering and wasting of the earth was judged when he rose who had said, "Consider the lilies of the field." The gap that separates our generations was judged a long time ago when he was raised who said, "Let the children come to me, and forbid them not." The rioting and tear gas in our polarized social order, the broken windows, and broken heads were judged when he rose who said, "Forgive not seven times, but seventy times seven."

The poverty we allow to erode the fabric of our society was judged a long time ago when he was raised who said to the rich young man, "Sell what you have, give to the poor and follow me." Many will continue to appeal the verdict of that judgment day. By many devious means they will delay. Many a long lifetime will be consumed in the pursuit of some new judgment.

Many will continue the wanton waste of the earth hoping that it will not wear out before they do. Many will continue to enjoy the excitement of warfare in support of some ill-conceived pride. Many will continue to enjoy their privileges hoping that the disenfranchised will not notice the difference between the condition of some and the contentment of others. Many will remain imprisoned in their false hope in some new judgment.

But those who know that Judgment Day has already occurred are free now to decide what they shall do. God's judgment of the earth is not going to change, but we are free to change. We are free to begin living under the verdict of God.

The old ways of cruelty and neglect have been judged, and we are free to choose something new. We are no longer chained to the door of appeal. With the verdict of God we have our marching orders.

If it really is not a new earth, it seems new when we see through postjudgment eyes. If it really is not a new earth, it is the new look of spring to these eyes that have gazed so long upon the winter of uncertainty. If it really is not a new earth, it is that our eyes have been opened to see farther and in more directions.

Now that we no longer appeal for some new judgment upon the earth, it is a new earth. It is a new earth for us when we decide that the first judgment is the last, and we can live with that. □

At Valley Hope Alcoholic Treatment Center . . .

Concern + Action =

Counselor Don Arnold says the average alcoholic is 35-45, married, a white-collar worker, has a growing family.

WHEN Bob Adams was graduated from seminary in 1963, his first assignment was in Jennings, a little town in northern Kansas surrounded by gently rolling wheat fields and cattle range.

One of the first to call on the tall young pastor was George, an alcoholic rancher.

"Well, I see we've got a new preacher in town," George began. "I ain't got much use for the church, but I hear you're a former coach so you can't be all bad. I don't know why a coach would ever want to become a preacher, but that's your damn business, not mine."

In spite of—or maybe because of—the dubious welcome, Bob and George became good friends. Bob came to recognize George as a man who desperately wanted help. He wanted to help him, but he did not know what to do. His seminary—like most—had not taught anything about working with alcoholics.

So for a year and a half Bob did "like most ministers would treat the alcoholic. I was nice to him. I babied him. I avoided the mention of the possibility that he might be an alcoholic, although it was obvious he was."

George, looking much older than his 43 years, was in the final stages of alcoholism. Still he denied it. Finally, out of frustration and desperation, the young minister exploded at him: "You're nothing but a drunk! I'm sick and tired of running out here every time you call—so don't call me again!"

But George did call again. The stormy confrontation had helped him finally to admit his sickness and his helplessness. What should he do?

Bob arranged to take George to a treatment center—a fatiguing 600 miles away in Mandan, N.Dak. To see what was going to happen, Bob sat in on one week of the 30-day treatment, attending lectures, group-therapy sessions, and other activities with the patients. Kansas needed something like that, he concluded.

DR. Merlin Colip, a physician in nearby Norton, got to know Bob Adams through a common interest—bowling. They often had discussed the problems of counseling alcoholics. "In the beginning," the minister

CHANGE

By MARTHA A. LANE, Associate Editor, *Together*

says, "Dr. Colip was referring alcoholics to me because he thought alcoholism was a spiritual problem, and I was referring them to him because I thought it was a medical problem."

When the pastor enthusiastically reported his Mandan experiences to Dr. Colip, the two decided to try to arouse local interest in a similar treatment facility. They presented their idea to everyone who would listen. The response was heartening.

The first home of Valley Hope Alcoholic Treatment Center, as it now is known, was a former nurses dormitory at Norton State Hospital. It was anything but fancy—a couple of desks and several chairs, 15 beds upstairs.

The first patient arrived August 15, 1967. Staff members on hand that morning were the director, Dr. William D. Leipold (formerly director of the Mandan center), a secretary, and a chaplain.

Fifteen months later the center, which had long since outgrown its quarters, was moved across town to new facilities—formerly the 43-unit Townsman Motel. Today's staff numbers 40, the patient load runs in the fifties and sixties. Total admissions through October, 1971, were 1,956.

Valley Hope opened an additional office in Overland Park, Kans., in October, 1971, staffed with one counselor. Its twofold purpose is to provide intensive follow-up services for patients discharged from Norton who live in the greater Kansas City area, and to provide first-time help for others—all on an outpatient basis. Response has been so good that a second staff member is needed now.

Valley Hope is open to both men and women alcoholics and their spouses. Patients' ages have ranged from 14 to 78, but the median age is about 41 for men, 37 for women.

"People think patients in treatment centers are skid-row bums," Director Leipold says. "But 9 of our first 15 patients had IQs of over 120; 5 were college graduates, and 3 of those 5 had done graduate work."

While most Valley Hope patients come from metropolitan areas, about three dozen have been from the town of Norton itself. Approximately 500 of the first 1,500 patients have been United Methodists.

Within 48 hours of his arrival, the patient is assigned a counselor and undergoes a complete medical examination and psychological testing. "Valley Hope is a permissive center, and you are free to come and go as you please. We do expect you to attend all the meetings," newcomers are told.

A 30-day treatment period is recommended. A typical day for patients includes:

✠ A lecture by staff members or outsiders on what alcoholism is and what it does to and for people. Example: "Legal Aspects of Alcoholism" by Judge Jean W. Kissell.

✠ "Hot seat" therapy (so named by patients). A patient listens to other patients describe his liabilities and assets, then has an opportunity to discuss their observations.

✠ Alcoholics Anonymous orientation lectures. AA's 12 Steps and 12 Traditions are explained.

✠ Small group therapy (five days a week). Eight or fewer patients meet with a therapist, try to get to the "gut level" of their feelings. Example: A farmer patient tells his group he is ready to go home after only a week there. They assure him he is not:

"Look at you, you haven't even gotten over the shakes yet!"

"But I've got to get the corn in."

"Which is more important—your corn or your life?"

✠ Spouse group therapy (twice a week) to help spouses of alcoholics understand themselves better and to introduce them to Al-Anon, an AA-type way of life for spouses.

✠ Couples marital study group. Paul Tournier's book *To Understand Each Other* (John Knox, $2.50) provides the basic resource.

✠ Patient group therapy, planned to strengthen an individual's confidence in himself. When his turn comes, he must control a meeting of patients for a full hour. He may lead the discussion however he chooses.

OTHER activities include noontime volleyball for patients and staff members ("Where we let off all our angers and frustrations"); Saturday lectures on alcoholism or drugs.

"Our patients have come from 17 states, from as far as New Jersey, California, and Arizona," Dr. Leipold says. "Most committals are so-called 'voluntary'—but there is no such thing as 'voluntary' in alcoholism. Usually the wife is threatening divorce or the boss is threatening to fire him. We have had totally indigent patients, also multibillionaires. One was the owner of nine world corporations. But most patients are from the middle-income bracket.

"Our patients' total recovery rate is 60 plus percent. That's phenomenal in this field. The recovery rate for those coming in with their spouses is 75 percent. For people who are single, widowed, or divorced the rate is only in the forties.

"We have received a good deal of support from Methodist churches," the director continues. "One of our original board members was Charles Curtis, superintendent of the Hays (Kansas) District. And our first financial contribution, a dollar bill, was from an elderly Methodist lady.

"This might be interesting, too," Dr. Leipold says. "I once ran a study comparing Methodist and Catholic patients. After treatment, Methodists became drunk more often than Catholics. It appeared that the major reason was that Methodist alcoholics

Coffee cups symbolize ex-patients' sobriety. If a person resumes drinking, his cup is taken down. The saucers represent the spouses who stayed with an alcoholic at the center.

felt more unaccepted by their own church members."

The fee at Valley Hope is $25 a day, about $775 a month. "We actually cost less than Kansas State hospitals," Dr. Leipold says. Patients having financial problems are asked for $300 down. They can pay the balance in monthly no-interest payments or work out other arrangements.

FATHER Charles Griffith, an Episcopalian, heads the center's four-man chaplaincy staff. All four chaplains are pastors of local churches who work one or two days a week at Valley Hope.

"Basically we see our job as working with the deepest spiritual steps of AA," Father Griffith explains. "Every patient has at least two interviews with his chaplain. In the first we get his religious background and work through the first three steps of AA together (admit one's need for help, believe a greater Power can restore him, make a decision to turn one's will and life over to God 'as we understood him').

"In the second interview, we help the patient with the fourth AA step —to make 'a searching and fearless moral inventory' of himself. We talk about his deficiencies: selfishness, resentments, the worst things he's ever done—what they've never told anyone before. Then we ask for a list of assets. This is important because one characteristic of an alcoholic is his inferior feelings. Then I say something like, 'Let's talk to God: Lord, we appreciate your taking off our garbage. Thank you for taking mine. And now I think John Doe wants you to take his away.' And then he prays. I'd say 95 percent of the patients will accept this opportunity to pray out loud.

"One of the things that is so terrific about this place is that everyone talks about God—because so many steps of AA mention God. People come in from all over the country. They've said, 'I felt the spiritual dimension as soon as I entered.'

"Another thing that excites me is to see patients come back to visit—people we didn't give a snowball-in-hell's chance to make it—coming back and saying, 'I've been sober for a year.' One patient that got kicked out now plays violin in church and teaches Sunday school. We told him he'd be drunk before he got home, but he's been sober for several years now."

Since 1969, Valley Hope's co-founder, Bob Adams, has been directing the Lincoln Council on Alcoholism and Drugs, Inc., in Lincoln, Nebr. This work involves providing information on alcohol and drugs, counseling, referring, and planning and coordinating activities in the capital city. From this new vantage point Mr. Adams talks about Valley Hope and about the church's responsibility toward alcoholics:

"Valley Hope is at the forefront of alcohol-treatment centers. The director is one of the most knowledgeable men in the field and his methods are very effective. Such openness is not typical of most treatment centers. But I see more and more centers adopting Valley Hope-type programs.

"I think the church's attitude toward alcoholism is pretty archaic. We have done more harm than good by preaching total abstinence. People

won't go to a minister for help if the minister has already condemned them. I don't see drinking as a sin. It is part of our culture—always has been, always will be.

"Despite the church's failure to understand alcoholism, it has given more support to people with drinking problems than any other organization, in my opinion. People have accidentally or incidentally found help in the church. It probably helps people even more than AA does numberwise.

"I still believe that the church has a role to play. Recovered alcoholics too often have said, 'I need the church, but I've always been embarrassed because the church doesn't need me.' The church should go out to these people, not wait for them to come in. The United Methodist Church could do so much to help alcoholics because almost every town in the country has a Methodist church.

"I don't think there are any Methodist treatment centers for alcoholics. I don't know of any church-related facility except those in connection with a general hospital."

Dr. Thomas E. Price, director of United Methodism's Department of Alcohol Problems and Drug Abuse at the Board of Christian Social Concerns in Washington, D. C., confirms Mr. Adams' conclusion. "As far as I know . . . Methodist involvement with alcoholism half-way houses, and treatment and rehabilitation centers is practically nil. Most of these are either private or state supported," he told *Together*.

Valley Hope is an excellent example of a private center. It exemplifies the best in alcoholic rehabilitation. It also exemplifies the best in community concern and cooperation. Legislators, doctors, church people, businessmen, vocational rehabilitation personnel, schoolgirls—they all have worked together to make Valley Hope possible.

"It was more a happening than a planning," Dr. Colip says in reflection. "We sure think the Lord had a hand in it. If somebody had planned it like this, it never would have worked."

Every day letters come telling how much this "work of the Lord" is meaning to individual lives. This letter was from a 13-year-old girl:

Dear Sirs: (Friends)

I'm not very good at writing thank-you letters, but I think you'll understand this one.

Today is Christmas, and I'm in a nice, warm, big, family home, and everybody is sober—thanks to you.

Last year it wasn't like this. It was a mess. Mom and Dad both were drunk, and believe me they weren't quarreling, they were fighting. Not just calling names, but hitting each other. Me and my seven brothers and sisters used to hide upstairs when these fights began, but there were always screams and slams that couldn't be ignored. Especially when they are your own mother's or father's screams.

One day my mother was put in jail for DWI. She got a choice of 90 days in jail or the Treatment Center. As you know, she took the treatment. In those terrible days that we were waiting for her to come home, my Father drank several times just to realize that it had already ruined the family and my mother. When she came home, he quit and never drank another drop of liquor since. My mother was up there January 4, 1968, and came back February 1.

I realized today how much you really did for my family—compared to last year. I'm the luckiest girl with the best gift ever—A FAMILY.

Thanks a lot. □

Letters

COVER DISAPPOINTING BUT ARTICLES ENJOYED

I am disappointed with recent *Together* covers, especially the *Holy Family* sculpture on the December issue. There are so many better pictures that could be used for Thanksgiving and Christmas seasons. I hope future covers will be better.

But I really enjoyed the two articles on the Jesus People [*Jesus' People Speak Out*, page 23, and *Jesus Freak, Will You Teach us . . .* ? page 26]. They speak out for the younger generation. We aren't all bad.

RUTH HAGEN
Montfort, Wis.

DECEMBER ISSUE: VERY GOOD

My compliments on your December, 1971, issue. All of it that I have read so far is very good. I'm especially glad to have *Letters From Elsewhere* by Herman B. Teeter back in this issue. I think it is always outstanding and presents very good material in an interesting way. I really enjoyed the children's Christmas art, too.

MRS. GEORGE R. SUMMEY
Wichita, Kans.

HIERARCHY SHOULD LISTEN TO LOCAL MINISTERS

After reading *The Church Is . . .* in the November, 1971, issue [pages 23-46] for the third time, I must say that no other article in your magazine has ever impressed me as much. For the mutual benefit of us Methodists and the organization itself, I hope this article can be expanded into a series. If our church is to meet its commitment and responsibility in this world, changes must be made and made within by the people.

Too long has the structural organization of our church lived within its four cozy walls, turning a deaf ear to the needs of the people who support it with their attendance, service, prayers, and gifts. It's time the tail stopped wagging the dog. The United Methodist hierarchy should listen to their ministers at the local level who work with the church to attempt to achieve its goals.

As one who is charged with the responsibility of administering the church's stewardship program at the local level, I'm sure my task, and the local minister's, too, would be a lot easier if less emphasis were placed on the organization and more on spiritual power. Wasn't this a main part of the concept that John Wesley had in mind when Methodism was founded?

JOHN R. INGHRAM
South Point, Ohio

Send your letters to
TOGETHER
1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

COMPARISON OF ARTICLES SHOWS SHARP CONTRASTS

I read H. B. Teeter's *The Incredible Francis Asbury* [August-September, page 27] and *The Church Is . . .* [November, page 23] the same evening. It was quite a reading experience!

On the one hand, here is a vivid account of one of the church's authentic saints and latter-day apostles—a totally committed man; on the other, here are the expressions of a variety of church affiliates living in a time of undemanding membership when commitment, or lack of it, depends entirely on the individual. The extent of commitment is always an individual choice, it's true, but differences are certainly highlighted when we compare a Francis Asbury with any fairly typical church member.

In *The Church Is . . .* it is significant that for the most part sharp criticism of United Methodism came from youthful members. We older Methodists had better listen. And older members might well be doing much better than they are doing in passing our great heritage on to the young.

One of the best criticisms in my opinion was one deploring lack of adult Christian education. In small groups many Christians are finding a richness in coming close to Christ and close to one another in his name that is over the heads of too many casual church members. What a contrast between the devotional life of most modern Christians and that of Francis Asbury who rose at 5 in the morning to give himself to prayer and devotional study the first two hours of the day! Now it is almost too much to ask United Methodists to give two hours a week to study in preparation for an adult-class session.

DONALD E. KOHLSTAEDT
Spokane, Wash.

YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW: NO JOY WITHOUT THE CROSS

The play *Godspell*, which Leonard Freeman wrote about in the November, 1971, issue [see *Head-to-Foot Hallelujah*, page 56], is the most irreverent display I've seen yet in *Together*.

Can't young people have any Christian services or enjoy Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord without a carnival or circus and portraying our Lord as a clown? Do they mean to tell us they find God in such a devilish display?

Satan is sure busy these last days more than ever because he knows his time is short, and I'm afraid he is leading many of our people in the wrong direction.

Jesus said he would give us joy, his joy, and at the same time we are to carry a cross or we are not worthy of him. Do our young people want just joy but no cross?

"Long live God," they sing. Well, I would sing that too, but *Godspell's* authors should look into the true meaning of God's word.

MRS. WILLIAM J. MILLER
Burke, S.Dak.

CASE OF HOMOSENSUALITY NOT OF HOMOSEXUALITY

As a counseling pastor, I am disturbed by Dale White's handling of "a very difficult subject," homosexuality. [See *Teens*, November, 1971, page 59.] He writes a fair brief treatise on homosexuality while the young man in question is not a homosexual. He gives the young couple less help than one would expect from a Christian counselor, thus confirms them in their anxiety.

Here is a classic case of *homosensuality*, not homosexuality. The Kinsey male report indicates the prevalence of harmless homosensual thought or fantasy among his uniquely masculine sample of 5,000 men. But it is fantasy only as in the case of this conscientious guy so honest with his young lady, having served his time in Viet Nam and now contemplating marriage.

He needs no psychiatrist. He is

no "queer" as he fears. All he needs is the continuing friendship of this wonderful girl who writes Dr. White, anxiety-free Christian counsel, the Scriptures, and some Holy Spirit-led fellowship.

Homosensuality is strictly personal fantasy and is checked there; homosexuality begins in fantasy and acts itself out with another person. To confuse the two is to equate attraction and love in their heterosexual context—an easy thing to do in our day of scrambled semantics.

ROBERT W. YOUNG
Glendale, Calif.

HUMOR LACKING; 'WICKED FLEA' MISSED

Since noting the absence of my favorite column from your otherwise excellent magazine, I would like to remind you of the oversight. *The Wicked Flea* gave a touch of humor which is sadly lacking in the somber pages of the publication.

John Wesley said, "Sour godliness is the devil's religion," and I say, "Amen." I have kept a file of this column as excellent material for illustrating Sunday-school lessons and laymen's talks to church organizations. I need the column. Please help.

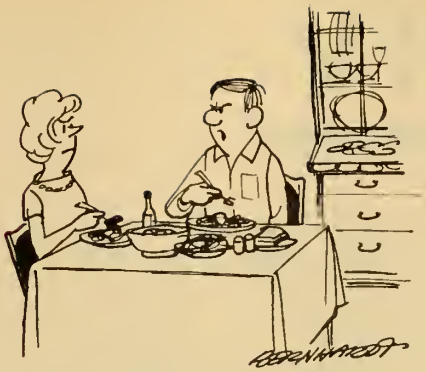
FRANK LANGELLE
East St. Louis, Ill.

With apologies to Reader Langelle and others who missed him, our Flea *returns this month on page 62. We'll try to find a spot for him, and for our other light column,* Getting Along Together, *in as many future issues as possible.*—Your Editors

YOUTH NOT SATISFIED WITH MODERN PERMISSIVENESS

I have been receiving *Together* since it was first published and have watched it get farther and farther from the good magazine it started out to the present *low* in publications. Even the young people in our church ask, "What is the Methodist Publishing House trying to prove?"

One thing the matter with our total church is the attempt to "get with" a generation of hippies who are out for kicks and exhibitionism instead of giving them a true basis of religion based on the Bible. Children have always respected discipline and orderly learning. I know. I am a retired teacher. They seek these today and find their parents, the church, and



"Well, if my taste buds are dead, you know who killed them."

the school giving them only a so-called modern approach to life, too permissive.

Many *Together* subscribers in our church say that if the magazine is not any better this coming year, they will not renew next year.

MARY A. D. WORTHINGTON
Williamsport, Pa.

TOGETHER WELCOMED—FOURTH HAND

In the last year I have become acquainted with *Together*, and I wish to compliment you on your publication. The family nature of your issues should do a lot to create a good home climate among your members, if they read. I am about fourth down the line to see the issues, but I am willing to wait.

HAROLD S. MARSH
Hopkinsville, Ky.

ORCHIDS FROM CEYLON

I want to send a word of gratitude and warm appreciation for your excellent magazine. My wife and I, both Methodists, like *Together* very much and read it regularly. Our children read and enjoy the magazine, too, especially *Small Fry* and poetry. As a family, we consider it a privilege to subscribe to *Together*. Thank you very much.

AUSTIN SALGADO, *Lecturer*
Teachers' College
Peradeniya, Ceylon

'APPROACH TO KNOWING GOD'S WILL TOO PRIVATE'

I admire Bishop James Thomas for attempting to answer a complex question of faith in two brief paragraphs. He makes some good points, but I think his answer to the question, "How can we know the will of God?" [*Your Faith*, October, 1971, page 50], is inadequate.

Having just read *The Perils of a Private Religion*, I couldn't help feeling as I read Bishop Thomas's answer that one of the greatest perils of private religion is that one might never know the will of God or might come to believe that his own will is God's will.

Bishop Thomas's approach to knowing God's will is too private. It relies too heavily on the individual conscience. It seems not to make use of various helps that God provides —the Scriptures, for example, and the fellowship of the Church.

The existence of needs and the possibilities for their fulfillment also suggest what God's will might be in a situation. For example, if a man is hungry and we can feed him, then it must be God's will that we do so.

FRANK L. JOHNSON, *Pastor*
Indian Lake and Sun Ray
United Methodist Churches
Indian Lake Estates, Fla.

RIGHT MAN, WRONG SCHOOL

The December, 1971, issue of *Together* had many interesting articles. I was particularly drawn to *Two-Year Missionaries: Committed to a Life-style* [page 11].

It has been my privilege to employ U.S.-2s for a number of years in the Boylan-Haven-Mather Academy. These young people add much to the life-style of the school community.

I would like to make one correction, however. Beneath the picture of Jay Willer on page 13 you say he is "now teaching English in a boys academy in South Carolina." The school to which Jay was assigned is Boylan-Haven-Mather Academy, a *coeducational* high school for boarding students, a project of the United Methodist Board of Missions.

BARBARA BOULTINGHOUSE, *Supt.*
Boylan-Haven-Mather Academy
Camden, S.C.

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Cover—Toge Fugihiro • **Pages 12-13-14**—Edwin H. Maynard • **16-17-18**—James Robertson • **20**—KCTV • **22 L.**—Robert L. Sonds. **R.**—Ed Moker • **23**—John T. Stockton • **27-44**—RNS • **30-31-32-33-34**—Toge Fugihiro • **46-48-49**—Dennis R. Gilhousen • **59**—Mrs Alon Kremer • **65**—Esther Slonneger • **4-5-7-8-10-38-39-40-41-42-43-55**—George P. Miller.

Films & TV

THE STAGECOACH stopped at Apache Wells. There was no one to assist in the birth of a baby except a drunken old doctor, played by Thomas Mitchell. Squinting through bleary eyes he utters the classic line: "Get me coffee—lots of coffee—and black."

Filled with the sobering brew, Doc Boone delivered the baby, and John Ford's 1939 film, *Stagecoach*, moved past another danger point on the way to the successful conclusion 1939 audiences knew they could expect.

Watching scenes from this film recently, I was struck by the vision Ford projected through his films of the '30s and '40s, pictures that created a world that was at once exciting and secure. It was a world we wanted very much to believe in because it was a world that always guaranteed a happy ending.

On the surface, Doc Boone was an outcast, a doctor taken to drink. He was a passenger on a stagecoach traveling through hostile Indian territory toward Lordsburg. With him rode a prostitute, a phony Southern gentleman, a dishonest banker, the aforementioned pregnant lady, a whiskey salesman, the driver, the sheriff, and the Ringo Kid, played by John Wayne. Audiences of the day didn't think in terms of symbols, but each passenger stood for something in John Ford's cinematic lexicon. The tarnished members of the cast—the Kid, the doctor, and the prostitute—were all there to be redeemed. The crooked banker and the phony gentleman (remember John Carradine's goatee?) were available for their much-deserved defeat. The world was simple, and the solutions predictable.

These ruminations over Ford's *Stagecoach* are stimulated by the joint appearance of a recent film documentary, *Directed by John Ford*, and a new fiction film, *The Last Picture Show*, both directed by a young man who was still a babe in arms when *Stagecoach* was released. His name is Peter Bogdanovich and on the strength of these two films, plus an earlier feature called *Targets*, with Boris Karloff, he now is important enough in Hollywood to direct Barbra Streisand's next picture. The purpose of these comments, however, is not to predict Bogdanovich's future, but to suggest that it is not the moviemaker's fault that the simplistic world of *Stagecoach* no longer exists. The truth is that it never did exist except in the composite imagination of a nation that wanted it to exist.

When Thomas Mitchell demanded "lots of coffee—and black," no one could have doubted the successful birth of that baby. Movies soothed and reassured, providing a cover for a world that six months after *Stagecoach* was to erupt in World War II. Too much has been revealed since then for surface balm to work anymore. Bogdanovich's feature, *The Last Picture Show*, bemoans the passing of that simpler life, using the metaphor of a theater closing in a small Texas town during the early '50s. The young director seems to suggest that the movie world his parents knew in the '30s and '40s, and that he knew in the '40s and '50s has disappeared. Replacing it, in his judgment, is the pathetic, sordid, and empty life he describes in *The Last Picture Show*.

As a film critic before he made films, Bogdanovich celebrated the vision of such Hollywood stalwarts as Ford and Howard Hawks, both men whose visions of American life did so much to create the America that never was, except on the silver screen. Bogdanovich developed an admiration for the style of Ford and Hawks, a style dependent on story line, fast action, and carefully placed shots to evoke inner personal feelings as well as an awareness of the epic dimension of history. From Ford he discovered that a film gained substance if minor as well as major roles were played well with revealing dialogue and crisp acting. And from both men he learned to hold audience attention with pacing that prevents any lag in interest.

What he could not receive from either men was a personal vision. This must come from within. And whether we like it or not, young Bogdanovich sees the world as many of his generation see it—bleak and lonely with virtually no promise of hope for the future. He also suggests that in such a world, loveless sex is often the last desperate effort men and women seek as an escape. He is not, however, entirely without some sense of the importance of human contact.

Sam, the theater owner and storekeeper in *The Last Picture Show*, is a man much admired by the townspeople and by the film's central figure, Sonny (Timothy Bottoms). When Sam dies, the town seems to die with him because he provided the people with a sustaining power they could not generate alone. What is important to Bogdanovich's vision is that Sam dies, leaving Sonny without support, facing a future as dismal as a flat Texas landscape.

We cannot return to the certainties of John Ford's *Stagecoach*. Drunken doctors are no longer predictable. What we await now is a film maker who knows this, but who also possesses a vision of hope. —*James M. Wall*

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

Jan. 22, 12:30-1 p.m., EST on CBS—*You Are There* (Lewis and Clark Expedition).

Jan. 22, 8-9 p.m., EST on NBC—Premiere of *Emergency*. Stories of a paramedical team.

Jan. 24, 8-9 p.m., EST on ABC—Premiere of the Monday night special: *The Forgotten Mermaids*. A Cousteau special.

Jan. 24, 12:30-1 p.m., EST on CBS—*You Are There* (Paul Revere's Ride).

Jan. 30, 5:30-6 p.m., EST on CBS—*Animal World*. Return of a good children's program.

Jan. 30 (time to be announced), on NBC—Pre-Olympic special.

Jan. 31, 8-9 p.m., EST on ABC—Monday night special: *Plimptan: Adventure in Africa*. Expedition to find and film Ahmed, the legendary giant elephant.

Feb. 2, 8-8:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*It's Your Dog, Charlie Brown*.

Feb. 2, 8:30-9 p.m., EST on CBS—*The Cat and the Hat*. Dr. Seuss special.

Feb. 2 through 12—The Winter Olympics will be occurring in Japan, and NBC will be telecasting many programs.

Feb. 7, 8-9 p.m., EST on ABC—Monday night special: *Bill Bixby and Brandon Cruz at the Budapest Circus*.

Feb. 8 (time to be announced), on NBC—Hallmark Hall of Fame: *Love! Love! Love!*

Feb. 10, 8-9 p.m., EST on CBS—*They've Killed President Lincoln*.

Feb. 12, 12:30-1 p.m., EST on CBS—*You Are There* (Siege of the Alamo).

Feb. 14, 8-9 p.m., EST on ABC—Monday night special: *Earthquake*.

Feb. 19, 12:30-1 p.m., EST on CBS—*You Are There* (The Mystery of Amelia Earhart).

Feb. 20, 7:30-8 p.m., EST on NBC—*Babar Comes to America*.

Feb. 20, 8-9 p.m., EST on NBC—*Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus*. □

Letters From Elsewhere *by Herman B. Teeter*

'I am Still as Narvous as If I had Seen another Spook...'

Dear Editur:

As I take pencil and paper in hand I notise I am still as narvous as if I had seen another spook which I thot I seen after I was woke up in the middle of the night last Tues. by a big noise in the celler.

"Hegbert," said Abby whom is my wife, "go see what that is in the celler. It sounds like xplosions or a wild animal down their."

While I am not noted for fool bravery nobody can say I am a fraidy cat, Mr. Editur. This was 1st proved by me 50-odd year ago when I dove off Mile High Bluff into Clear Creek and nobody else wood or has to this day. Of coarse, the bluff aint no mile high, maybe 50 foot, but it smarted like it was a mile high when I hit water. Ever since I have bin known as Dare Devil Clutter even by them whom was not witneses to my remarkable feet which I woodnt never want to try agin however.

So when I herd all the noise in our celler I come running down stares in my nite gown which was my 1st mistake as will be reveled in dew time. I cud hear fruit jars busting and things rolling around in the celler but did not hestate to go down their to meet my fait if necesary.

In my haist I almost forgot to turn on the lite at the hed of the celler stares altho the old lite bub down their is so dusty and dim it was hardly worth my time.

Then I seen this big white thing rolling towards me acrost the celler floor and tried to dodge it but cudnt and went down befour the onslought of a big old empty kraut krock.

"Dad blame it," I roared.

"Hegbert, are you all rite?" Abby ast from up stares.

I hollered back that I was and rose to my feet. As I done so I seen this big horible white thing with shaggy hair rise up in one dark corner of the celler. It was holding its hands to its hed and coming towards me.

Well, Mr. Editur, that was the scardest I bin since a nite on the Booger Holler road when I was walking home from courting Abby and it was black as ink in the holler. I walked rite into Froggie Fenton who was coming the other way without even seeing me. Both of us said oooff and was so scared we just set down in the middle of the road and didnt say nothing for 5 minits.

What it was in the celler however was not no spook but me in my white nite gown in the mirrer of a big old fashuned solid oak combinashun chiferobe and dresser set which onct belonged to my Grandma Clarissy Clutter but was moved down their to make room for Abby's modern furniture.

Well, in a few minits I was level hedded enuff to see that some shelfs I had ment to fix had give way and 10 or 12 fruit jars full of tomaters, pole beans and blackberries had fell and broke. Some planks had come down and nocked over the kraut krock that almost spelt my doom.

Now if I had bin satisfied to just clean up the mess and fergit it I woodnt be in the condishun I am today for all that was hurt was my pride and conshunce for not fixing up them shelfs as intended.

But you know me, Mr. Editur. Of coarse I had to go and write it all up for the Rock City Weekly Clarion of which I am the Elsewhere correspdt. and am rewarded with a free annul suscription for my reporting the "Hear and Their About Elsewhere" nayborhood news items. I wrote:

"Mr. and Mrs. H. Clutter, well-known citizens of this community, was woke up by loud noises in their celler Tues. last. Mr. Clutter went to investgate and was slightly shook up by a rolling kraut krock, one of several in his celler.

"About a dozen jars of canned goods was broke but the jars can be replaced because the Clutters have several hunderd that have bin in the family for years but no longer in use since all the children xcept Little Willie Clutter has grew up and left.

"Also Mr. Clutters friends are gitting a big kick joshing him about the spook he thot he saw in the mirrer of his Gramdma Clutter's 150-year-old solid oak chiferobe stored away in the celler and forgot."

Well, no sooner had the Weekly Clarion hit the mail boxses, Mr. Editur, than people started driving up all times of day and nite in cars, trucks, and stashiun wagons, making a quackmire out of my yard and asting if they cud look in our celler.

One of the first to arrive was Mr. Edward E. Edwards, Sr., president of the Citizuns Bank and Trust of Rock City, where I do not keep my money, insted do busines with the bank acrost the square from his.

"Mr. Clutter," he said, "You know I have never held it agin you for not favoring us with your considerable account, however, I have a busines propsition to make."

Mr. Edwards eyes was glistening, I notised, so put up my gard.

"I will give you $1,000 for your grandmother's old wore out chiferobe site unseen," he said.

Abby bust out in tears. "I cud not

Oral Roberts tells how he was called by God-and how the answer has helped millions.

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DOUBLEDAY

part with that precious thing," she said. "It is an airloom."

Other people who said they was anteak collecters come by to offer us from a dollar to $2.50 each for the blue-tint fruit jars, and some wanted to pay $45.00 for the kraut krocks, but Abby wood bust out crying ever time.

"Hegbert," she said, "we have fed our boys and girls out of them jars and we made the best kraut in the world in them krocks. We can not part with them. It wood be like selling a part of our family."

Even my preacher Bro. Harol Viktor come over and said: "Hegbert and Abby you know I have bin your house guess hear many times, in parlor and at Sunday table, but have never visited your celler. May I have that pleasure and privilege?"

"Of coarse," we ansered as one.

"If you dont mind departing," Bro. Viktor said when we got down their, "I wood tarry hear a while admist the scenes and aromers of other days."

Well, I bet he staid down their a hour all by hisself, Mr. Editur, before he come up with his eyes kind of faraway looking.

"It was a tremendus, moving, insparring xperience," Bro. Viktor said, "for I was took back to the days of my lost boyhood. Next Sunday I am going to preach a sermon titled What Good Things Have We Stored Away in the Cellers of our Lives."

Well, of coarse, I had to go down into our celler agin to see what Bro. Viktor was talking about, but still dont know. They aint nothing down their xcept some smoaked hams, krocks of pickles, beats and pig nuckles, bins of onions, turnips, taters, apples, and squash, and some smelly old cider vingar barells. And, of coarse, granny Clutter's 150-year-old chiferobe, not to mentshun a 70-year-old sewing machine, a ox yolk, a old churn with wooden dasher, four wooden butter molds, and a lot of other junk like that not worth mentshuning.

Sinserely, *H. Clutter*

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

Why is the Bible inconsistent?

✣ The inconsistency is on the surface, but it is there. After all, the Bible is the story of human beings living in community and searching for God. The God for whom they search was perfectly holy, but they were not. They were given to virtues and failures, ups and downs, glories and sins. Since the Bible is their story, it is only natural that it would reflect these inconsistencies.

A greater story than this is the deep consistency of the Bible. We find this in the dependability of the eternal love of God, who does not take sin lightly.

What are mankind's greatest enemies?

✣ There are so many that it is hardly useful to single out a few. It is a matter of high importance to describe an enemy for what it is. We often speak of drug traffic or reckless driving or crime as enemies. None would ever exist without people. The enemy is the person who chooses to use drugs, not the drugs.

The great historian Arnold Toynbee said that of the 20 civilizations known to Western scholars, 19 perished because of the evil of war, class, or of some combination of the two. If history tells us anything, it is that racism and international violence eventually lead to death.

What makes a person or a place holy?

✣ The line between the sacred and the secular is exceedingly thin. Sometimes, in our highly secular society, it does not seem to exist. Nevertheless, even the most secular man will admit that some experiences mean much more than others. He may bow his head in silent memory of a deceased friend, or visit the grave of a national hero, or even go to church occasionally. If he never sorts out his feelings, he may never know why he acts in these ways. But he has come very close to holding such events in his mind as "holy moments."

The Bible records at least three standards for holiness. First, a person or a place becomes holy when chosen by God. "Holy men," says a group of modern writers, "are therefore those who have been separated out and dedicated to the service of God." (*Christian Word Book*, by J. Sherrell Hendrichs, et al, Abingdon, $3.95.)

Second, a person or a place becomes holy when there is a strong awareness of some awesome or extraordinary meaning. The Temple, already holy for most people, became much more so for Isaiah when he "saw the Lord seated on a throne, high and exalted" (Isaiah 6:1, NEB).

Third, a person or a place becomes holy when there is a clear communication of the Divine Spirit. To be holy is not only to be set apart, as the "holy prophets"; it is also to be so open to the Holy Spirit that the results can be seen in our lives.

Teens

BY DALE WHITE

"Well, we will try again later to interview the losing coach!"

FAITH is a subject of live interest for young people. That seems clear from the volume of letters we got in reply to J.K., the 16-year-old girl who said she had a "void" in her life [*Teens*, October, 1971, page 53]. She is a minister's daughter who loves to discuss theology, who feels close to God, "but not *really* close."

Lots of kids wrote to say they really knew how J.K. felt. A surprising number said they have come through the empty time and now enjoy a rich and secure faith. They described their rebirth. Their letters are a living testimonial to the work of the Holy Spirit:

"I know J.K. Hers is very similar to my own spiritual search. God was a superficial and intellectual reality for me—full of grace but so far away. Church camps, meetings, and discussions with peers are essential, I discovered. But discussion only leads the way to a satisfying reality of Jesus Christ as Savior. God generously provided Jesus as the way to return to him. The Scriptures do not lie. Jesus is the way to intimate reunion with God and the source of our peace. We need to accept this blessing into our hearts with faith. I know. I've been there.—G.G.

"For two years I had that empty void in my life that J.K. talks about. I went off to college knowing there was something I had to do that was important, but I couldn't put my finger on it. I decided to study theology, not knowing why.

"Now I understand what drew me to theology. It came clear as I read The Cross and the Switchblade *by David Wilkerson, and* Christy *by Catherine Marshall. Now I know I must go into missionary work.*

"I resisted thoughts of missionary work at first. I wasn't sure I could face it, but now I feel that with God guiding me I will be strong. What's more, I don't have the problem I once had of convincing myself that God exists. He cares about me and I know it. I can feel his presence, and he is extremely close."—A.M.

"For so many years I sat in church, Sunday school, and discussion groups. But all I did was mouth the words of faith. I relied on 'head' knowledge totally and felt I was complete in my spiritual growth.

"Then I let Christ relate to me in a personal manner. I realized my void and let Christ fill that void. Now Christ deals personally and individually with me and he knows my particular needs. All I had before was words. Now I have the Word with power. Knowledge without the power and Spirit of Christ is useless.

"Ask God to make his Word personal and powerful and real for you and he will do it. The Holy Spirit will reveal so much meaning, comfort, and relevance in your Bible study. You will truly feast upon the Word. Take it from me. There is so much warmth, strength, understanding, and joy in a personal relationship with Christ."—F.M.

I am a girl, 15. I suppose in most ways I am a typical teen-ager. I love school, people, food, and I hope to make music my career.

The one drawback is that I am diabetic. I learned of it about three years ago. That was a terrible time. The dark curtains closed around my mind. I started thinking I was some sort of invalid. I know my parents must have worried as much about my attitude as my physical condition.

Only faith pulled me through. Somehow God showed me that he gave me a good life, and that one little defect was not going to mess it up. I learned to be grateful for my parents' warm presence and to trust their optimism. And my doctor—I thank God every day for such a man of science and compassion.

It seems like I've grown up a million years in the past three. I was such a naive little kid. Now the sun shines for me in a new way. I know what the darkness is like, and I'm not afraid of it.—C.H.

Congratulations on the growth you have made through a serious crisis of faith. Only life can teach what you now know. You are an excellent pupil.

I hope you can help me. My problems are my parents and a brother. I'm almost 13 and my brother 7. I was only five when they adopted him. At the time I was overjoyed.

The problem was of course that everyone was adoring, praising, and thinking of that dear little boy. That was normal when he was a baby, but now he's almost eight years old. My brother gets anything he wants. A year ago I wanted a dog, but my parents wouldn't get me one. About six months later my brother wanted one. He got it. I thought it was funny; the dog likes me better than my brother.

Today I wanted a can of pop, but my mother wouldn't let me have it. Then my brother wanted a bottle of pop; he got two. These kinds of things have been going on for years and I'm getting tired of them.

My brother gets *D*s and *F*s in school. He's not retarded or anything. He just goofs off. Anyway, my parents praise his grades. I get *A*s and *B*s. I got one *C* and they got mad at me for it. What's wrong with praising a *C*?

Also my parents have set rules for my personal feelings. One is I can't get married till I'm 26. My

grandparents are the only ones in my family that like me. That's only on one side of the family.

What can I do till I'm old enough to leave home? I can't stand it much longer! Please don't tell me I'm jealous or that I'm a spoiled brat! That's what everyone in my family tells me.—J.Y.

It sounds like you are suffering from a bad case of sibling rivalry. The blind rage and terrible jealousies which can grow between brothers and sisters are the strongest emotions most people ever feel. They are often at their worst when foster children come in and take away a privileged position as oldest or youngest child. Sometimes foster children always remain something like guests in the family and get special treatment.

I'd say try very hard to swallow your anger and jealousy. Bite your tongue or go to your room when it flares up. Do everything to avoid a spoiled-brat image. Bring up the injustices you see in quiet times when everybody is in a good mood. Try to build on interests you and your brother share. Take pride in helping him with homework or teaching him how to make things.

You can reverse the old patterns only by working very hard to build new ones. If you dedicate yourself to that and keep at it over several months, you are sure to see a change in everyone's attitude.

I could have stood up and cheered when you asked us to share our creative summer experiences [*Teens,* August-September, 1971, page 54]. Everyone thinks teen-agers are walking bundles of problems. We need to let them know that at least once in a while we get it all together.

This summer I had the great opportunity to work for two weeks at a United Methodist inner-city mission. There the teens were faced with the real challenge of getting involved with people of an entirely different cultural and economic background. There we rubbed elbows with some of the worst and some of the finest persons I've ever met. Poverty hurts some people terribly—makes them bitter, mean, and selfish. Others hold their heads up in its midst with a marvelous dignity and beauty.

I came to realize that to *live* my faith I had to become *involved.* Christians cannot isolate themselves from the ugly side of this earth. The Christ who walked in Galilee 2,000 years ago was not afraid to associate with the "unlovely," and I can see why, now. Just offer the "unlovely" a little love and they shine like jewels. I went to the inner city thinking I would give something to unfortunate people, and came away seeing that I am one of the unfortunates.

If I hadn't become involved, I would still be walking around thinking that my plush home and sharp clothes made me something special. Maybe I didn't give much this summer, but I sure took something home with me.—A.G.

Thanks a lot. I *knew* you were out there, somewhere. So far you are the only one who has written to share a meaningful summer experience. Where *is* everybody? Others who wish to get involved might write for the booklet *Church Occupations and Voluntary Service* from the Interboard Committee on Enlistment for Church Occupations, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202. A single copy costs 20¢.

I'm sorry that I have to bother you, but if I went to someone around here I know he might think I am crazy.

My problem is that I keep retreating into a world of unreality. My daydreaming interferes with my schoolwork and my homelife. I go to my room, turn the radio up as loud as it will go, and dream. And always in my dreams I am the hero. I dream stuff I *know* will never happen. Why do I do this?

I am in my room 99 percent of the time so consequently I have no friends. I keep trying to stop, but it has almost become essential, like liquor. I seem to be addicted to my dreams.

And people say that extensive dreaming and carrying on conversations with yourself leads to becoming mentally ill. I *can't* become mentally ill because my parents can't afford it. Please help me in any way you can.—B.J.

Everyone daydreams. We get ready for the future by dreaming up what might happen and how we will react. Daydreaming does not cause anyone to grow crazy. It is not worth worrying about unless

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UNWED MOTHERS—THERE IS still a Better Way! Talk it over with your parents—and minister. You'll be surprised at their understanding and help. If the final decision is to enter a maternity home . . . the Methodist Mission Home of Texas is one of the best and offers a wide range of services, love, and understanding. Just call (512) 696-2410—collect, or write to Dr. Spencer L. Stockwell, P. O. Box 28410, San Antonio, Texas 78228.

it prevents us from doing good work, making friends, or enjoying life.

You seem to be escaping from life into your dream world. This makes me think you are struggling with a big personal problem, and it's a little too much for you. You can see how much you are losing by hiding in your fantasies, but you are trapped in them. You can't break out.

Why not have a talk with a professional counselor. Your minister or doctor can help you to find one, hopefully at a price your parents can afford.

Q:

I have a problem that is becoming more common as society moves forward. I am a white girl who likes a black fellow. When I first started noticing him, we just talked and joked. Then one day I discovered I liked him more than other boys.

The problem is he doesn't know I like him, and now I think he hates me. I was very, very happy about liking this guy. But when I realized I couldn't even tell anybody about it, I cried. I live in a farm community, and farm communities are notorious for their prejudice. We even had the Ku-Klux Klan here.

My parents are semiprejudiced. They talk tolerant but act otherwise. My friends? Well, my friends just wouldn't understand. They aren't prejudiced, but they would probably laugh and spread it around school as a joke.

Back to this guy hating me. When I realized I couldn't speak of my feeling for him, I became very depressed. I became very self-conscious, also. While feeling this way I snubbed him many times, sometimes intentionally, because of my mixed-up feelings about racial hatred and because I was worrying so much if he liked me. But now he dislikes me for sure, because he is pulling the "snub" act on me.

We both have problems but how can I let him know I like him? I am a very shy and naive girl, I know that. I have absolutely no imagination when it comes to boys.—J.A.

What a price we pay for our racist heritage! It seems as though it is always the warm, gentle, human values we must sacrifice to our social sickness. Things are changing very fast, but we have so far to go.

You have no choice but to live with the painful reality. Your love can go no place in that community. It is pure fantasy to believe otherwise. But you don't have to let frustrated love turn to hate. You can try hard to be his friend within the limits your situation allows.

Q:

I am 12 years old, a girl, and in the seventh grade. My parents don't love me. My dad tells my Mom I don't love her, and now she believes it. I haven't been perfect. In sixth grade I left home for six weeks. I got a *D*– in citizenship. Over the summer I got busted for shoplifting. I started smoking and dropping pills. Once I took too many reds at school. I cut class and went o.d. and now I'm suspended from school for cigarette smoking. I'm in school in opportunity class for three days.

From reading this you might think I'm a delinquent. My mom and dad don't know about the pills, cigarettes, cutting, or being busted. Dad wants to send me away till I'm 21. I don't love my dad or respect him. But my mom and I have been pretty close. This afternoon my dad picked me up in fourth period, took me home, and started whipping me for no given reason. I would leave right now, but I love my mom. Please help me!—J.M.

I wish I could help you. It is clear you need help. Your whole family needs help. All are involved in a devilish pattern which is hurting you and causing you to hurt your parents. Professional counseling is your best hope for assistance. Why not ask your minister or doctor to recommend someone. Or your folks can look up family service in the phone book and ask for their advice. Don't put it off. You aren't making it on your own, and you might as well face it.

•

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens*. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Dr. White, author of *Teens* since early 1966, has long worked with youth. He earned his doctor of philosophy degree in psychology and ethics from Boston University and is presently serving as a district superintendent in the Southern New England Annual Conference. —*Your Editors*

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BOOKS

MORE DANGEROUS than any frontier the human race has faced before is the frontier of the human mind. We are beginning to understand a little, a very little, about what makes us into the kind of people we are, and probably it will be in the area of the mind that science will make its most significant discoveries in the next generations.

The more we understand, the more we will be tempted to control, and that is why a book like **Beyond Freedom and Dignity** (Knopf, $6.95) has to be read very thoughtfully. This is a statement of psychologist B. F. Skinner's belief that when we are able to control environment completely, we can create a world in which people live together without quarreling, maintain themselves by producing only what they need, enjoy themselves and contribute to others' enjoyment, create little pollution—and only as much population as can live fully and decently.

A Utopia, yes, but with a high price tag—the surrender of individual freedom and dignity. Prof. Skinner says that we have outgrown these. He believes that we have outgrown religion, too, because in his view it uses the threat of punishment to make people behave. He prefers getting good behavior by a system of reinforcement so effective that behavior likely to be punished would seldom occur.

Prof. Skinner has conducted a massive amount of research on human behavior, but his narrow view of religion—at least of the Christian religion—suggests that he may be equally naive about other aspects of humanity outside the laboratory. Maybe he should take a sabbatical from research and learn more about the complexities and unpredictabilities of people in the actual process of day-to-day living.

"He might have been happier with a wife who was completely uncritical," wrote Eleanor Roosevelt after Franklin Roosevelt's death. "That I was never able to be, and he had to find it in some other people. Nevertheless, I think I sometimes acted as a spur, even though the spurring was not always wanted or welcome. I was one of those who served his purpose."

Joseph P. Lash, long-time friend of the Roosevelt family, has written a biography of a marriage that endured to make a lasting contribution to public good in spite of disappointments and difficulties.

Mr. Lash had access to Eleanor Roosevelt's private papers, and **Eleanor and Franklin** (Norton, $15) is full of abundant and fascinating detail. And it is a responsible book that walks the fine line between sympathy and objectivity to give us the very real picture of two people who probably should not have married each other in the first place but made something strong and creative out of their bargain.

About 14 years ago, Kenneth N. Taylor discovered that his children—he had ten—were having a hard time understanding the King James Version of the Bible that the Taylors used every day in family devotions. He paraphrased portions of Second Timothy in a simple way, and the children got so excited over it that he began working through the letters of Paul in the same way, simplifying sentence structure and substituting modern words for 17th-century words that have become obsolete. He did much of the work on the commuter train he rode between the suburb where the Taylors lived and Chicago where he was director of Moody Press.

It took Kenneth Taylor seven years and seven thorough revisions to complete half of the New Testament, but last September **The Living Bible**, his paraphrase of both Old and New Testaments, appeared in bookstores. Published jointly by Tyndale House and Doubleday, it comes in a deluxe cloth edition ($9.95) and a leather-bound edition ($19.95).

Dr. Taylor's paraphrasing style is unpretentious. Here is a sample, from the 23rd Psalm: "Because the Lord is my Shepherd, I have everything I need! He lets me rest in the meadow grass and leads me beside the quiet streams."

Such paraphrases should not be confused with new translations, which go back to original sources, but they are very useful, and Dr. Taylor's paraphrase will have a special appeal to the more conservative Bible student.

Five of the children for whom he began his paraphrasing have now finished college. Two are in college, and three are in high school. Dr. Taylor has become the head of Tyndale House, born as a family venture in the Taylors' dining room, to publish the first in a series of books containing paraphrases of portions of the Old and New Testaments. Now

NIGHTMARE

By Jane Jones

O bare-faced moon, veiling the night
in diaphanous light! Sorcerer's beauty,
deceptive as dream
dissolves into a scream
forevermore
for two who
open their door
at 1:13
to a Chaplain—

"Your son
in Viet Nam—"

O moon!
Have the grace
to cover your face
at their grief.

Tyndale House employs more than 60 people and occupies a whole building.

In the midst of dodging anti-American barbs being pelted at us from all parts of the world it's refreshing to discover a Frenchman who maintains stoutly that America is not so bad as most Europeans and many Americans think it is.

That is why, says Jean-Francois Revel in **Without Marx or Jesus** (Doubleday, $6.95), the new revolution man so sorely needs is rising in America—it is the only place that offers enough freedom within the system to achieve change without losing what's good.

Because it does not follow old patterns, this new American revolution is misunderstood, but, says M. Revel: "It is the only revolution that . . . joins culture, economic and technical power, and a total affirmation of liberty for all in place of archaic prohibitions. It therefore offers the only possible escape for mankind today: the acceptance of technological civilization as a means and not as an end, and—since we cannot be saved either by the destruction of the civilization or by its continuation—the development of the ability to reshape that civilization without annihilating it."

M. Revel, who is a columnist for a French weekly, writes with grace, passion, and a dry wit.

The church could change the world. But while it has the equipment, it lacks the drive; it has the power but lacks the will; it has the mind but lacks the heart, charges the minister of a suburban Minneapolis United Presbyterian church in **The Sleeping Giant** (Harper & Row, $5.95).

Robert K. Hudnut thinks it's time for it to get over its romantic 18th-century frontier individualism and get back into the prophetic mainstream of group action on group issues.

Members of his own congregation are asked to submit to the disciplines of studying, sharing, and serving. To people who think these seem too demanding, he points out that if you miss four times at a service club, you're out. If you fail to show up for work, you're fired. But: "The standards of a Boy Scout troop are higher than those of the Christian church."

In *The Sleeping Giant* he answers the objections raised by opponents of

Fiction

BIRDS OF AMERICA by Mary McCarthy *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $6.95)* is a book I liked very much in spite of its title. It is about a young American with a divorced mother who is very charming and a father and a stepfather who are rather shadowy so far as his experience is concerned.

Peter himself is a bright young man who goes to the Sorbonne for his junior year of college and spends some time in Paris. Perhaps I liked it so much because it reminded me of my own experience in Europe as a very young man.

In spite of his parents, Peter is somewhat of a "square" but not too much. He is wide open to new experiences but with an unescapable American background and spirit. He seemed to me the personification of youth that has not become overly ideological and at the same time is aware of the day in which he lives. He has his idiosyncrasies like every boy, but Mary McCarthy has given us a picture of a young man I found quite believable.

I liked the book because I think it is a novel that does not confuse every radical modern point of view with a conclusion that it represents the wave of the future. It is always good for us, no matter what our age, to look at the world through the eyes of a student.

LOVE IN THE RUINS by Walker Percy *(Farrar Strauss Giroux, $7.95)* is by an important writer and it will have many interpretations. If you are not too tied up with the correct interpretation or with finding the correct one, this book is obviously a satire, a frightening picture, and altogether a lot of fun. It is subtitled *The Adventures of a Bad Catholic at a Time Near the End of the World.*

Present trends in America have been carried to an extreme. Everybody is against every other group and, instead of celebrating their success of "bring us together," celebrates a world hopelessly split in so many ways.

In short, the book reflects a condition of the future much like the one we live in. Dr. Thomas Moore tells the story. He has invented a stethoscope which can tell the emotional and spiritual condition of a man. And nobody takes him seriously. He has been an alcoholic, and he can analyze the good points of the beautiful women he is associated with, but finally he turns to Ellen, who is dependable, and has character.

The book is written with humor and perception. Read it and decide what category it fits. Personally, I found it delightful. Maybe it points truly to where we are going, but I hope not.

Finally, THE STORY OF A HUMBLE CHRISTIAN by Ignazio Silone *(Harper & Row, $5.95)*, is a most satisfying tale. Silone has been a top writer in my book ever since I read his *Bread and Wine* many years ago. This is a story of the papacy of Celestine V who was a saintly Benedictine monk elected Pope in 1294.

Dante thought of Celestine with hatred and contempt, but Silone presents him as a simple good man who, seeing what was demanded of him as a pope, withdrew from it and went back to the humble monk's life. The power of a high office is likely to go to a man's head, and leaving that office for a simpler job may not demand sacrifice so much as it demands courage. This is a book good for a man's spirit. I invite you to read it by all means.

—*GERALD KENNEDY*
Bishop, Los Angeles Area
The United Methodist Church

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

As I left my baby in the church nursery, a framed Bible motto on the opposite wall caught my eye. It proclaimed, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." (I Corinthians 15:51.)

—Mrs. Faith S. Trafford
Elginburg, Ont.

When a young minister fresh out of seminary met a preacher widely known for his pulpit style, he asked for some pointers on how to prepare a sermon.

"Have a good beginning, and have a good ending," he was advised. "And be very sure you keep the two ends close together!"

—John H. Hoover, *Lititz, Pa.*

The elderly clergyman was telling a friend he had decided to retire. "You know," he explained, "they say a new broom sweeps clean."

The old friend pondered for a time, then replied. "Yes, Pastor, I know a new broom sweeps clean. But the old broom knows where the dirt's at."

—Mrs. I. Drefke, *Las Vegas, Nev.*

As youth advisor, I attend the junior-high UMYF meetings. Each of their worship services ends with the Lord's Prayer, which I also say nightly with my own children.

Last week at UMYF I goofed. In the reverent pause that followed the Lord's Prayer I continued loudly, "God bless Daddy . . ."

—Mrs. J. F. Heaney, *Wenonah, N.J.*

From a church bulletin:

"Our mixed chorus sang last Sunday in a regional broadcast from Minneapolis. It was nice to hear them and realize they were nearly a thousand miles away."

—Jeyanthi Vedamuthu, *Ames, Iowa*

A clergyman we know dotes on flattery, but recently he accepted one parishioner's commendation with considerable reservation.

"Reverend," the parishioner said after a recent Sunday service, "you'll never know what your sermon meant to me. Why, it was like water to a drowning man."

—Charles Vincent Mathis
Wildwood-by-the-Sea, N.J.

The hospital floor nurse was trying to speak to a patient in the children's ward over the intercom, but received no answer.

"Jimmy, I know you're there," she said into the microphone.

After a few seconds a tiny, quavering voice replied:

"What do you want, wall?"

—Mrs. D. L. Hoyt, *Scranton, Iowa*

My mother, Abbey Howe Chapel, was for many years treasurer of a Women's Home Missionary Society. As such, she received many church contributions.

Along with its money one year came this note from a struggling church:

"When will Abbey Howe Chapel be completed? We're tired of sending money for it."

—William L. Chapel, *Tombstone, Ariz.*

At a large naval base in California, the chaplain's busy schedule kept him out of the office much of the time, to the constant dismay of his secretary. Finally she posted a notice on the wall which he can't miss as he leaves the office: "God knows where you are going, but does your secretary?"

—John E. Hoffman
South San Francisco, Calif.

Mr. Jones enjoyed frequent catnaps, but any sudden loud noise was sure to disturb his rest. Every time his wife let the TV get a little loud, he'd rouse himself to bellow, "Turn it down!"

One Sunday at church, Mr. Jones had drifted off—as usual—when the preacher reached the climax of his sermon and raised his voice dramatically to make his final point. To the surprise and amusement of the congregation, an angry voice boomed out:

"Turn it down!"

—Mrs. Virginia Butler, *Mayfield, Ky.*

Church bulletin announcement: "There will be a church picnic Thursday afternoon. If it rains in the afternoon, the picnic will be held in the morning."

—Sandra Duesenberry, *Radford, Va.*

My niece was asked to write an essay at Thanksgiving time about Quakers. "Quakers are very meek, quiet people," she wrote. "They never fight or sass back.

"My father is a Quaker, but my mother is not."

—Helen Leckrone, *Salem, Ill.*

One preacher's atomic-age phrase for the decline in offerings: Shellout Falter.

—Mrs. E. M. Erickson
Minneapolis, Minn.

•

Don't just laugh at the next church-related chuckle you hear. Jot it down on a postcard and send it to TOGETHER. *If we use it, you'll be $5 richer. But no stamps please; we can't return those not accepted.*

—Your Editors

social action and says: "It's high time the church got tough. Christ preached a tough gospel in tough times for tough men. And it takes an iron will to measure up."

One of the earliest things Benjamin Mays remembers is an ugly mob of white men riding up to his home on horseback, drawing rifles on his father, cursing him, and making him take off his hat and bow down to them several times before they would ride away. A black man was subject to violent death in the South if he tried to express his manhood or protect his family from white abuse.

Dr. Mays tells how he fought to rise within such a system in **Born to Rebel** (Scribners, $10). He did rise. In 1932 he received a Ph.D. degree from the University of Chicago and became dean of the school of religion at Howard University. From 1940 to 1967 he was president of Morehouse College, and he now is the college's president emeritus. He is known throughout the country for his preaching, his thinking, and his writing. Recently he was elected the first black president of the board of education in Atlanta, Ga.

Born to Rebel is the autobiography of a distinguished and successful man.

An imaginative writer always runs the risk of overidentifying with his subject, and I think this happened to Gay Talese, author of **Honor Thy Father** (World, $10).

Mr. Talese spent six years immersed in the daily lives of members of the Mafia family headed by Joseph Bonanno; and his story, which centers on Joseph Bonanno's college-educated son and top lieutenant, Bill, sounds like it could have been written by an adoring younger brother.

Still, for this very reason, it succeeds in presenting a unique inside-looking-out view. If you have the time to read this long and in places boring book, you will come up against the jarring knowledge that members of the Mafia aren't in the least ashamed of what they do. They reason that if people didn't want the gambling, prostitution, narcotics, and other contraband goods and services they supply, they wouldn't come to them.

Faster to read, **The Mafia Is Not an Equal Opportunity Employer** (McGraw-Hill, $6.95) is a quick run-

down an organized crime by *New York Times* investigative reparter Nichalas Gage. Peppered with personalities, it is fascinating reading and gives a better averall perspective than *Hanar Thy Father*.

John Brown died an the gallaws in 1859 far attacking the United States government arsenal at Harper's Ferry, W.Va. A passionate abolitionist, he believed that once his little band of men held the arsenal, a vast army of mutinaus slaves and dissident whites would join them in a massive insurrectian. He was mistaken. That didn't happen, and yet the message the old man with the fierce gray eyes handed to one of his attendants the day he was executed was praphetic:

"I John Brown am now quite certain that the crimes of this *guilty, land: will* never be purged away; but with Blood. I had as *I now think: vainly* flattered myself that without very *much* bloodshed; it might be done."

Earlier, as a free-state guerrilla leader in strife-torn Kansas, he had not flinched from bloodshed. Convinced that he was guided by a just and wrathful God, he felt fully justified in midnight assassination, distortian and secrecy, lies, terrorization, plundering, and horse stealing.

Was he a vicious fanatic, driven by the belief that he had a God-given responsibility to punish sinners, or was he the greatest abolitionist hero in history? Stephen B. Oates doesn't try to answer the question in **To Purge This Land With Blood** (Harper & Row, $10), but he gives us a three-dimensional portrait of a boy brought up by a strict Calvinist father, a young man who couldn't complete his studies for the ministry because he didn't have the money and his eyes were inflamed, a business failure who punished the employees at his tannery with Old Testament vengeance and ruled his own household with a rod in one hand and a Bible in the other, and a man who was totally committed to eradicating slavery.

Brown had a lot in common with today's radicals.

The nomination of Walter J. Hickel for secretary of the Interior raised a lat of opposition from conservationists and editorial columnists. They had to reverse their opinion when Mr. Hickel, as Interior secretary, stopped oil companies from polluting the Santa Barbara Channel, blocked the proposed Miami International Airport in the Everglades, and proved in other ways that he was not a tool of enemies of the environment.

Mr. Hickel is the author of **Who Owns America?** (Prentice Hall, $6.95), which sets forth his own account of his manths in the Nixon cabinet and his firing by the President. *Tagether's* picture editar, Gearge P. Miller, nipped this baak off the review shelf as saan as it came in. He likes the farmer secretary's belief that we all own the natural assets of aur cauntry, and that those wha vialate this trust are respansible far their actians.

Anthropalogy buffs are in luck. We have new baoks by both Carleton S. Coon and C. W. Ceram.

Dr. Coon gives us **The Hunting Peoples** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $10), the story of tribes that have lived or still live by the spear and arrow. He is a distinguished anthropologist who has the ability to write unpretentiously out of knowledge that is wide and deep.

C. W. Ceram tells the story of North American archaeology in **The First American** (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, $9.95). This is more popular in style, and moves quickly. Mr. Ceram (actually his name is Kurt W. Marek) is a professional writer with a particularly fine knowledge of archaeology. He lays to rest some myths and puts the very early history of North America into perspective.

The Cougar Doesn't Live Here Any More (Prentice-Hall, $9.95) isn't about cougars but about all the vanishing animals of our world. Coauthors Lorus and Margery Milne point out that we are at the precise moment in history that will determine whether man will enter the next century with a diverse and interesting animal companionship or in company with a few taugh and samewhat nasty creatures that can get alang without any help fram him.

"How do you expect me to pay off my $1,958 of the national debt aut of 25¢ a week?"

Their baak is not so grim as their subject because the Milnes' buayant writing style reflects their lave of life.

The Battle of Vicksburg was one af the mast decisive battles of the Civil War, and with his father during the campaign to capture the strategic town an the Mississippi River bank was General Ulysses S. Grant's 12-year-old son, Fred.

Writing as Fred himself might have written it, F. N. Monjo tells the story in **The Vicksburg Veteran** (Siman and Schuster, $4.50). The illustratians, by Dauglas Garsline, are as historically accurate and appealing as Mr. Manjo's text, and any boy interested in the Civil War will feel a kinship with Fred. Grown-up boys, too, I discovered when I asked our staff expert on the Civil War and grandsons, Ira Mahler, to assess the boak. Ira laved it, and gave me a glowing repart about it.

"The Golden Seal climbs slowly to a slanting table of rock. She rises for a long moment on the heels of her hands, a statue carved by a creator patient beyond infinity. Her eyes are fixed on the far, empty sea . . ."

Victor B. Scheffer is a compelling writer as well as a warld authority on the biology of marine animals, and **The Year of the Seal** (Scribners, $7.95), in which he tells the stary of an Alaskan fur seal mother and her companions in the great Pribilof Islands herd, is one of those rare boaks that all members of the family can learn from and enjoy.

Waga, an all-white Pekin duck wha doesn't like surprises, and his more tolerant wife, Hannah, are the chief characters in **The Silver Crane** (Seabury, $4.95), a fantasy Betty Jean Lifton has woven for readers fram the third to the sixth grade.

On one level this beautifully written book is a humorous story; on another it is an allegory about human foibles and our yearning to discover the meaning of life.

If already yau can say, with Max Coots: "By now I've had enough of Wintertime," I suggest you read the whole af **Seasans af the Self** (Abingdon, $3.50). It is an excellent book of reflective poetry that calls up images af life's seasans—birth, growth, death, and new birth.

Poet, writer, minister, and college professor, Mr. Coots is a man of wide interests, and their breadth is evident in his wark. —*Helen Jahnsan*

Jottings

Preachers, poets, and professors are—to carry on the alliteration—prominent participants in this issue.

The professor, in addition to being a teacher, is a writer and linguist who was born in Havana, Cuba, 34 years ago. **Justo Luis Gonzalez** [see his *Who Are These Spanish-Speaking Americans?* on page 25] is associate professor of World Christianity, Candler School of Theology, Emory University, Atlanta, Ga. He has written, edited, or translated nearly a dozen books in Spanish or English.

His talents as a linguist were severely tested, however, several years ago in Athens, Greece, when he stopped to ask street directions of a well-dressed stranger.

"Do you speak English?" Professor Gonzalez asked, only to receive a blank stare in reply.

"*Parlez-vous francais?*" the professor asked in Spanish-accented French.

Again the blank stare.

"*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*" the professor asked in German.

No reaction.

"I then took a piece of paper and carefully wrote out in Greek the name of the place I was trying to find," says Professor Gonzalez.

The stranger took the paper, looked at it upside down, and then said in broken English:

"Sorry—me Spanish."

A very hardworking "nonworking" woman is **Marcella Siegel** of Irving, Texas, whose *Heaven Help the Nonworking Wife* [page 36] rings with authenticity. The mother of four daughters, she lists her "present position" as that of a housewife who devotes a considerable amount of her spare time to writing both poetry and prose.

A few years ago, when the Poetry Society of Texas offered a $100 prize for the best poem about Jefferson Davis, she went busily about doing research on the Confederate leader.

"Although I was a Yankee, I became a great admirer of that brilliant and determined gentleman," Mrs. Siegel tells us. "I wrote a 70-line sonnet sequence about him.

"The night of the awards dinner, the society president handed me the prize check, and whispered: 'We want $5 of this back for your dues.' "

So it was that Mrs. Siegel became a member of the state poetry society and has been happily writing poems—and articles—ever since.

We are sure that the Rev. **G. Russell Oaks** was thinking of something else when he wrote us that he was born on September 11, 1970.

We base our conclusion on the fact that Mr. Oaks is the father of five, ranging in age from around 24 to around 14, and that his hobbies include "photography, auto maintenance, and Sierra backpacking."

Also, we think, a lot of living went into his sermon in this month's Open *Pulpit* [see *The New Earth*, page 44]. That birth date, we suspect, was intended to be 1921.

Anyway, Mr. Oaks goes on to tell us that his *The New Earth* came out of a weekly ecumenical sermon seminar in a Roman Catholic rectory.

"The participants included Presbyterians, Methodists (United and A.M.E.), Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, and seminarians," he says. "The group met on Tuesday mornings and worked out a common lectionary . . . I commend this kind of cooperation as very fruitful and one which can deepen the relationships of our ecumenical work."

In addition to his pastoral duties Mr. Oaks has organized and accompanied groups on short-term mission projects. These have included youth groups to Mexico and a medical team to Costa Rica.

Not long after completing her two important contributions to this issue—*Lay Witnesses Come to Pekin* [page 4] and *Concern + Action = Results* [page 46]—our **Marti Lane** was called into court for a week's jury duty.

While listening to testimony she discovered that the courtroom reminded her very much of a church.

"For example," she says, "there was the ministerial figure in a black robe. Those of us on the jury were in a sort of choir loft. The bailiffs reminded me of ushers.

"There was even a congregation section where people seemed to be sitting in pews. There was the judge's bench—like an altar—which some approached with fear and trembling. And I found that the main subject of discussion—as so often is true in church—involved money!"

Two other contributors to this issue are former members of our staff. **George Daniels**, who reports on his recent tour of the Caribbean [see *Islands of Beauty—And Despair*, page 30], left us about ten years ago to take a position with the Board of Missions in New York City. He presently is director of Interpretive Services with that board.

Edwin H. Maynard [see the Special Report '*A Tragedy Too Vast to Grasp*,' page 12] was news editor of the old *Christian Advocate* until 1956. He now is editorial director, Division of Interpretation of the Program Council, United Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill. —*Your Editors*

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Lines written upon receipt of sympathetic messages

The candles spattered and went out
  Beneath the dropping Tears.
The dark drew close
  And pressed its ancient fears
Upon me; and the cold
(Now growing bold)
Crept 'round the edges of the dark.
  O God! No spark
To light these candle ends?
  Then suddenly the spurting matches
In the hands of friends!

—*Rowena Bennett*

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Currently Senior Minister of The Central United Methodist Church in Springfield, Ohio, Reverend Beittel has been awarded degrees from Yale University Divinity School and Boston University. He has also received fellowships for special studies at Harvard and Rutgers Universities. An avid traveler, he recently led a Methodist group to Europe and also served as Tour Leader on our 1969 Methodist Caribbean Cruise Tour. Traveling with him to Alaska in 1972 will ensure you of competent, knowledgeable tour leadershp.

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A member of the staff the Division of Higher E cation of the Methoc Church, Dr. Geier is Direc of the Office of Informat and Publications for Division. He also serves visiting professor of dra at Scarritt College. Widely traveled, this m personable and capable gentleman has our Methodist Tours over the years to Caribbean, Hawaii and Alaska to the gr enjoyment of all. His unique 1972 Method Around-and-Across-America Tour will another "first" in pleasureable travel.

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